

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 5.



## THE AUTOMOBILE: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

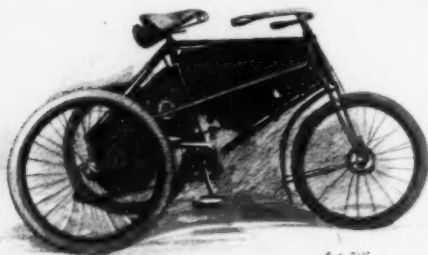
BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FOR three thousand years, perhaps for a much longer time, men have used horses in peace and in war. In all this time no one appears to have imagined that the time would ever come when we might not need so many horses. If we examine an old map of this country, we may trace a black line beginning at Cumberland, in Maryland, and extending across the mountains to the Monongahela River above Pittsburg. This line indicated the great national road built by the United States as a highway from the East to the then far West in the Ohio

Valley. Over this great road! thousands of horses traveled in endless processions, dragging great covered wagons; swift stage-coaches ran, day and night, carrying passengers and mails. This road with its enormous traffic was regarded as one of the wonders of the New World. Washington considered it a most important public work, and believed that all the country needed in the future were more horses and more national roads. To-day this long and costly road is almost forgotten. The great wagon-trains and swift stages long ago disappeared.

When, about sixty years ago, the railroads came, many people thought that horses would no longer be needed. This was soon seen to be a mistake. It was found that it took more horses to carry the freight and passengers to the railroad stations than were used before the railroads were built. When, about twelve years ago, the trolley-cars appeared, then many people said, "This time the horses will certainly retire, for there will be nothing for them to do." Has it been true? And now, within two years, people have said the horses will surely disappear, for here are carriages without horses. Do you believe that will be true?

In December, 1876, there appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS* the story of "The Horse Hotel." There then lived in New York thousands of horses that have since moved out of town or have passed away, after an honorable career as car-horses in our streets. Horses were so numerous at that time that they lived in great hotels, as you may see if you look at the volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* read by your father and mother when they were children. To-day the great horse hotels, with guests, attendants, waiters, and all, are gone. Only in a few streets can the jangling bells of the poor old car-horses be heard, and in other cities than New York many readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have never seen a horse-car. The trolley-car has thrown perhaps a hundred thousand horses out of work, and these horses have been moved away to farms and smaller towns, or have found new employment. Naturally, in the twelve years that this change has been going on many thousands of horses have died of work and old age, and, while many young colts constantly come in from the farms, there are not so many horses in our streets as in the days before the trolley-cars. There will be a new census of the country next year, and then we shall know, for the first time, whether it is true that we are not using so many horses as ten years ago. Up to the last census the number



A MOTOR TRICYCLE.

of horses rapidly increased. This increase may stop and it may not; because, while the railroads, steamboats, and trolley lines have thrown so many horses out of employment, new work has been found for them, and we may find that, as they became cheaper, more private families were able to own horses.

If, on the other hand, the next census shows that we do not own as many horses, or that increase is less rapid, we shall be glad, because we are now learning to get along without them. With fewer horses we shall have better horses. We have had too many horses in all our cities, and the trolley lines have proved to us that it would be far pleasanter if there were no horses at all, except in the country. The light, fast-walking horse used on the cars is rapidly disappearing. We do not want him any more, so the farmer does not bring that kind of colt to market. We have now only two kinds of horses—the truck- or work-horse, and the pleasure-carriage and riding horse. The truck-horse stays downtown, and it is the carriage-horse who chiefly occupies our uptown streets. And now the question has come as to whether we need even this horse in our streets. He is a road-horse, and his place is on the road; and when he leaves the city streets, never to return, New York will be a sweeter, cleaner, pleasanter, safer, and far more healthful place than it is now. Already, in some cities, it is proposed that all horses be excluded from certain streets, because it is believed we can get along very well without them.

This will be a more remarkable change than the change from horse-cars to trolley-cars, and we may well wonder what it is that can have started so remarkable a change in the streets of our cities. To understand this, we must observe that every new thing is preceded by others somewhat like it. When the safety bicycle came we had already seen the high-wheel bicycle. That machine was a failure, and disappeared, just as did the velocipede before it; yet it led the way to the present bicycle. Inventions sometimes come too soon, before the people are ready for them. The bicycle is in general use, but we are not yet ready for it, because we have so few good roads. We are hard at work trying to mend this by improving our roads, and with better roads more wheels will be used.

Now appears a new invention, and, like many others, it was preceded by a very similar invention, out of which it grew, so that we might say that one came from the other. To

understand the new invention, let us study the one we already have. Look at the wheels of your bicycle and compare them with the wheels of a wagon. The wagon wheel consists of a hub, a rim, and stout wooden spokes.

it. Compare this with your bicycle wheel. Here the weight is supported by the axle in the hub of the wheel, but in place of a stiff wooden spoke we have a slender wire that would not support even a very small



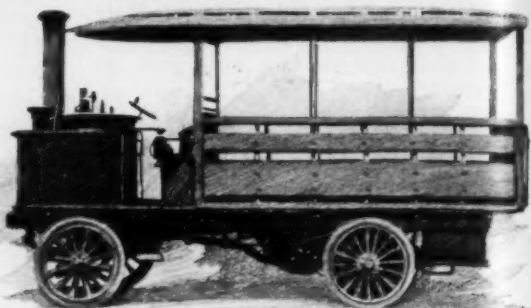
A MODERN HANSON-CAB IN A NEW YORK STREET.

We see that the whole weight of the wagon is carried on the axles, and that one end of each axle is supported by the hub of a wheel. The hub is supported by the stiff spoke that stands directly under it at any particular moment. When the wagon moves, each spoke, in turn, comes under the hub and assists to support

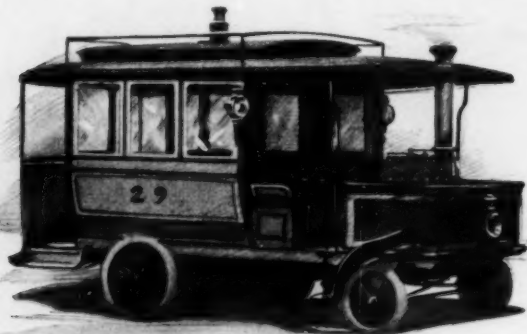
weight. Wires support a pulling strain, and not a pushing or compression strain. So we find the weight is transferred from the hub to the rim by the wires *above* the hub. The weight is suspended on the wire spokes, and we call this a suspension wheel. In such a wheel all the spokes tie the rim together, and

the rim itself supports the weight in every position of the wheel.

In the wagon wheel the axle rests directly on the inside of the hub. This wheel has a steel tire on the rim. In the bicycle wheel the axle rests upon steel balls inclosed in a casing in the hub of the wheel. The effect of this is to reduce the friction and make the wheel turn easily. The bicycle rim is inclosed in a rubber tire filled with compressed air that acts as a soft cushion or spring. Were your bicycle fitted with wagon wheels, it would require so much strength to move it that there would be no pleasure in riding for any long time.



AN ENGLISH STEAM-WAGON.



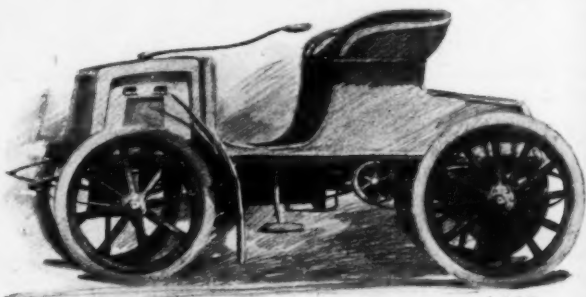
A FRENCH STEAM-OMNIBUS.

When it was seen that the bicycle could be moved so easily, some one said: "Why not put such wheels under a carriage? If it requires less strength to move it, the horse can travel faster and go farther." This was tried in buggies for speeding horses, and so great was the relief to the horse that very soon wire suspension wheels with ball bearings and rubber tires began to be applied to light pleasure-carriages. To-day we often see such carriages in the street, and we cannot fail to notice how easily and swiftly the horse can

spin them along the road. Mr. Horse must think he has found a rather fine thing in the way of vehicles in these low bicycle-wheel carriages.

Then, we must observe one thing more: With these rubber-tired vehicles and with the bicycles came a demand for smooth, hard, even roads with easy grades. We learned, to our mortification, that our roads and streets were very bad indeed, and that we must have far better roads everywhere. All these things—better roads, lighter, easy-running wheels, and rubber tires—led the way to the new invention. They made it possible to make a carriage that would not need a horse. We have seen steam traction-engines

and self-moving steam-rollers, and long before railroads were invented there were attempts made to construct steam-carriages that would



LONG-DISTANCE GASOLINE RACER (FRENCH).



travel on our roads and carry passengers and baggage. Such carriages would hardly work at all on our bad roads, and it is hard to see what fun there would be riding on a steam-roller. The old steam-carriages failed and were abandoned because they were too early. The conditions were not right. There were no

The seat is in front, and there is a closed and covered box behind and under the seat. Take a seat, please, on the right, while I turn this crank. Don't be alarmed; she will not start. This crank fits into a socket in the side of the buggy, and a few turns set the motor going. There! Now we are ready, and I'll put the



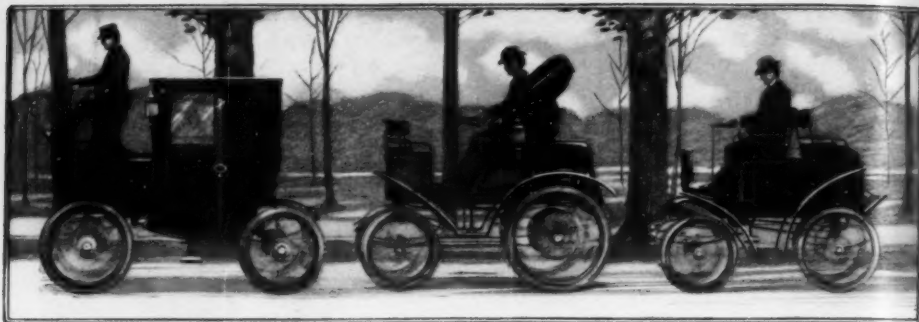
A "RUNABOUT."

bicycle wheels, no ball bearings, no rubber tires, and no good roads. To-day the conditions are just right. The bicycle taught us what to do, and on the smooth, hard asphalt street or the macadamized road we hear the electric bell of the new carriage without horses. "The carriage waits." Let us take a ride on a "runabout" with seats for two.

Why! it's really a buggy—on bicycle wheels.

crank inside. Yes, he does tremble a little, as if eager to rush away. Now! All ready! I'll sit on the left, where I can see the road.

How perfectly delightful! The runabout is well named; for it can certainly run. No horse in front; no reins to handle; no whip; no big creature with a will of his own to be guided, urged, and controlled; and nothing to obstruct the clear view in front, nothing to obstruct the rush of pure air as the carriage flies swiftly over the asphalt. Eight, ten, twelve miles an hour. It could be more—could be twenty-five miles an hour; but twelve miles an hour is as fast as is safe in city streets.



A PROCESSION OF AUTOMOBILES.

We overtake teams, carriages, and bicycles, and pass them all. We meet a trolley-car on a cross-street, and slow up to let it pass. As we stop we feel the slight jar of the motor, for it is working away while we wait. On again, turning neatly round the end of the car and rushing swiftly forward. Look out!—man crossing the street. He sees us and stops, and stands frightened and irresolute. If he would go right on he would be safe. The carriage runs swiftly, turns completely round him, and goes on. Danger? Not the slightest, because the carriage is under complete control.

The carriage is steered by this steel bar in front of the seat. Try it. See how lightly it moves to the right or left. The gentle pressure of a finger on the bar guides the carriage, and, should you wish, it can turn round and round in a dizzy circle on one spot. It steers quicker and better than a boat, much more surely and evenly than any horse. How far can we go without stopping? At ten miles an hour, it will travel ten hours, or one hundred miles. Then, to return or to go on, we have only to stop at a grocery store and buy a few quarts of gasoline, load up the reservoir, and

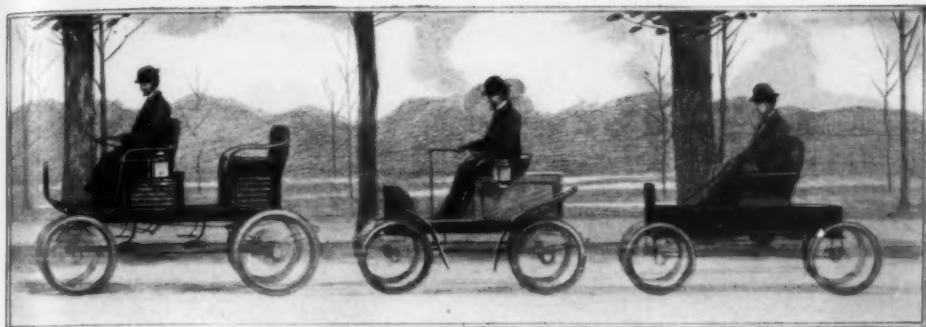
travel on for another hundred miles at the same rate of speed as before.

We ride on, up hill and down, over pavement, asphalt, macadamized road, or plain country road, now fast, now slow, stopping, starting, backing, turning sharp corners and wide corners, and, if necessary, stopping quickly—in fact, far more quickly than a horse can stop. And all of this without a horse, in absolute safety, certainty, and precision, at the touch of a hand or a foot. As no horse beats the road with iron shoes, there is no warning of our approach, so we touch an electric bell to warn all who may be in the road to look out. At night, electric lamps light up the road before us and warn other teams of our approach. The seat is roomy and comfortable, and the carriage rides smoothly and with very little jar or noise. Above all, we

have not to think for or care for the horse. He must be told, every step of the way, just where to go, where to turn, and when to stop. He will stop of his own sweet will if he wishes to, or if he feels hungry or tired, or if he wants to go home. He may be sick or lame, and that would destroy all



AN ELECTRIC COACH.



VARIOUS TYPES OF LIGHT WAGONS.

the pleasure of the ride, because we could not be so cruel as to make him suffer for our pleasure. Now we forget all that, for the whirring motor that is making us fly along the road will never grow tired, never suffer, never try to go one way when we want to go another. There is no horse living that could carry us a hundred miles in five hours. On a clear, good road this carriage could easily do it, and, in ten minutes, do it again. Had we used a horse to take a ride of twenty-five miles, we should be obliged to give him a supper, let him rest all night, and give him breakfast next morning, before he could carry us another twenty-five miles. This carriage might run all day and all night and all the next day, and several days and nights, with only stops of a few moments each to get fresh fuel for the motor. We should be tired out long before the machine.

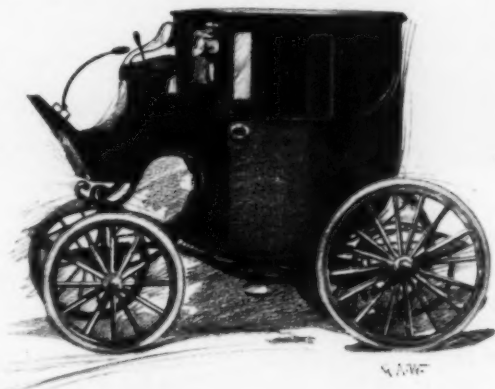
When we return, the carriage is run into its stable and halts. A touch of the finger, and the motor stops. There is nothing to be done to it, except to wipe off the dust and see that the motor is oiled and cleaned. There it can stand for an hour, a day, or a month, and it will cost nothing. It may rain for a week, and we may

not care to ride. If we kept a horse, he would have to be fed, groomed, and exercised, whether we wished to ride or not. This all costs us time, labor, and money. The motor-carriage costs nothing until it is used again.

We open the cover of the box at the back of the seat, and find all the machinery stowed neatly away, safe from rain or dust. It consists essentially of a tank for holding the gasoline, a motor or gas-engine, a cooling-tank filled with water, and the connections for controlling, starting, and stopping the engine. There are also batteries for the electric lights and bell, and for assisting the operation of the motor. There are also brakes for stopping the vehicle, and the proper connections for changing the speed, steering, and backing. With the box at the back closed, the carriage is a neat vehicle, and looks precisely like any

single-seat buggy on low wheels.

In New York we take the trolley-car downtown, and we transfer at Twenty-ninth Street. Here is a large car that looks exactly like a trolley-car, except that here there is no trolley-pole overhead. We see there is no slot in the track, so it cannot be a cable or underground-electric car.



AN ELECTRIC BROUGHAM.



A PARK VICTORIA.

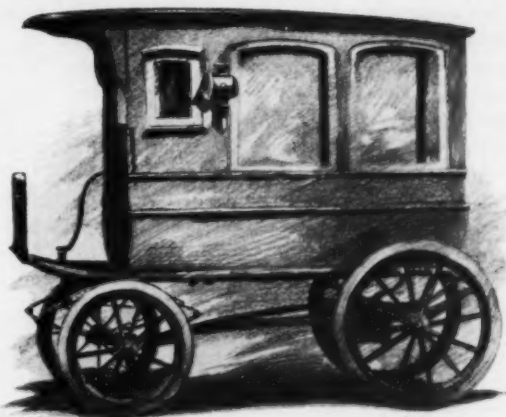
We enter the car, and find that it is just like any car, except that the seats are a trifle higher than usual and are all closed in below. The car starts slowly and easily and without jerk or jar, and is soon running swiftly toward the Hudson River. This is another motor vehicle, and, if we listen carefully, we hear a

faint puffing sound like a steam-engine. Presently the car reaches the West Twenty-third Street Ferry, and we get out to examine this new motor-car. We see a large building with a sign,—“Air Power Company,”—and looking in at the big door, see great steam-boilers, and, beyond them, see and hear a powerful steam-

en  
sq  
ste  
an  
trip  
pip  
the  
the  
un  
is  
con  
the  
full  
the  
som  
into  
ma  
form  
rea  
car  
car  
cise  
diff  
sure  
the  
in it  
W  
thes  
borl  
an  
a  
carr  
time  
som  
smal  
rubbl  
tell  
we v  
the  
pany  
The  
behin  
are  
see e  
he is  
need  
for  
fail  
the  
whic

engine. This engine is compressing air—squeezing it, under great pressure, into steel tanks. We go to another door, and see an empty car arrive from its trip on the road. A man brings a long pipe, that hangs from the ceiling, up to the side of the car. He connects it with the car and opens a valve. In the car, under the seats, are steel cylinders. He is now charging these cylinders with compressed air. In a moment or two the gage on the car shows that they are full. He shuts off the air, disconnects the pipe, and the loud explosion tells us something of the power he has forced into the tanks in the car. The motor-man turns his lever on the front platform, and the car rolls out into the street, ready for another trip. Here again is a motor-car—a horse-car without horses. Under the car is a motor connected with the wheels precisely as on a locomotive—with, however, this difference: a locomotive uses the elastic pressure of steam from its boiler; this car uses the elastic pressure of compressed air stored in its tanks.

We go back toward Broadway in one of these self-moving cars, and, reaching the neighborhood of Madison Square, soon happen on an electric cab. Let us try another ride in a self-moving carriage. This time it is a handsome-cab, with small wheels and rubber tires. We tell the driver we wish to go to the cab company's stables. The driver is behind us, so we are not able to see exactly what he is doing. We need not care, for we cannot fail to admire the skill with which he guides



A DELIVERY WAGON.

us through the maze of carriages on Fifth Avenue. The cab goes fast or slow, stops, starts, backs, turns in any direction, and in a moment we forget all fear and give ourselves up to the delightful sense of speed, freedom, and safety. It is a real pleasure to be free from the too close companionship of a horse. We can ride close to the ground and with a free view in front, and in open air. It is not surprising that these cabs are so popular, for this is the perfection of pleasure-riding.

Presently we turn into a side street and cross to Broadway, and near an uptown street our cab enters a large door and stops within its stable. How different from a horses' stable! There, hostlers and harnessmen; and here, motormen and carriages. It is a little dark, and there is a faint smell of acids, but this is better than the unwholesome and



A FRENCH MAIL-COACH.



even dangerous air of a stable. Our motorman turns the cab about and backs it upon a platform, while an assistant opens a door at the rear of the cab. An iron arm is thrust forward toward the cab, and at once draws back again, dragging from the cab a large black box. It disappears, and another box is pushed into the cab. The door is closed, and the cab moves forward and takes its place with the others ready for the next trip.

This seems something like the compressed-air car. We go to another part of the stable, and see hundreds of these black boxes. We see wires leading to them, and the man in charge tells us they are electrical storage batteries. He has a powerful current of electricity from the power-station downtown, and turning it into one of these batteries, he so changes its condition that it will afterward give out almost as much electricity as is put into it. He says he "stores electricity" in these boxes, or batteries.

Under the cab is an electric motor that, after it has been connected with the storage battery long enough to charge it, will give its power to the wheels of the cab and cause it to travel for twenty miles.

Observe the difference between this cab and the runabout and the street-car. In the car we had a tank filled with compressed air. Here we have a battery charged with electricity. In the runabout we had a motor using vaporized gasoline. These three vehicles represent the three principal methods of driving a vehicle that is automatic, or self-moving—electricity, compressed air, and a gas-motor.

There is also one more horseless vehicle—a steam-carriage using gasoline or naphtha to make steam for a little steam-engine. This method is practical, though not yet used so much as the gas-engine system and the electric system. Each of these four systems has its advantages. The gas-motor carriage can go farther than the electric carriage, and it is lighter. The electric carriage is cleaner, simpler in management, and makes less noise. The compressed-air motor will carry its car or carriage only as far as the supply of the air holds out. Then it must be reloaded at the

power-house. The same is true of the electric carriage. The gasoline, petroleum, or steam carriage can go wherever it can find fuel, and this it can obtain almost anywhere.

Horseless vehicles are now made with wire suspension wheels, and also with wooden wheels, and all have either pneumatic or solid rubber tires. They are usually quite low, because it is not necessary to use high wheels when there is no horse in front, and a low vehicle is safer than a high one. Horseless vehicles are made in all the styles in which horse vehicles are made—road-wagons, buggies, surreys, phaëtons, victorias, delivery wagons, etc.

There are also two-, three-, and four-wheel motor-cycles, or self-moving bicycles, for one, two, or three passengers, and driven with every sort of motive power.

There are now in Europe about ten thousand public and private vehicles that are self-moving. They are usually called "automobiles." Of these, fifty-six hundred are owned in France and three hundred in Great Britain. It is thought that there are now about three hundred such vehicles in this country. This small number will rapidly increase, and within a year there may be three thousand, perhaps many more.

The automobile is the coming vehicle. We shall see it in all our cities and along our country roads. They are safe, fast, comfortable, and to use and ride in one is a pleasure we all want to enjoy. They are now, while new, comparatively costly; but, like the sewing-machine and the bicycle, they are useful tools, and what is useful all the people want, and what every one wants soon becomes cheap, because of a large demand.

The automobile is a practical, useful vehicle. It gives us an entirely new pleasure—the pleasure of guiding and controlling a splendid piece of scientific machinery, the pleasure of traveling without a horse.

There will always be horses. Such a grand, strong, swift, and patient creature is too good a friend to send away. There will not be so many horses, and those we have will be better horses. There are too many horses now, and when we see the advantages of teams, cars, trucks, and carriages without

horses, we may wonder that we were obliged to use the great beasts so long. On the farm, on the road, and in the park they will still be useful and valuable. There they will be in the right place; for a crowded city, where so many people live so closely packed, is not precisely the best place for a horse to live, too.

We may imagine the child of the twentieth century saying: "Good-by, Mr. Horse! Your city hotel is closed. We thank you for all you have done for us. Go back to your farm and live in peace and comfort. Do the work you can do, and please don't feel offended if we prefer to go to ride without you."



"GOOD-BY, MR. HORSE!"

## THE REASON WHY.

THE big boys would n't play with me:

They said I was too small—  
That they would have to wait and see  
If I grew strong and tall.  
And when they had their club at school,  
They all began to grin,  
And said that they had made a rule  
To let no small boys in.

But when the holidays brought Jim

From college for a week,  
The big boys came to call on *him*  
And listen to *him* speak.  
He told them of the football game  
Where, in an awful crush,  
He slipped, and for ten days was lame—  
He played at center rush;  
He told them of the record jump  
He beat a Yale man in;

He let them feel the dreadful lump

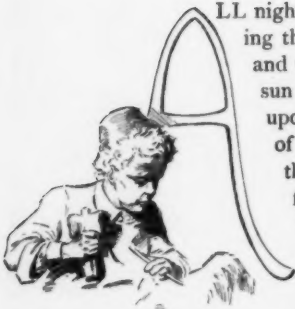
The ball made on his shin.  
He showed his muscles all in play,  
He raised a heavy weight,  
And looked to see what they would say—  
I know they thought it great.  
They saw his college pins and flag,  
They saw his football suit;  
They opened wide his traveling-bag,  
And thought his cap a "beaut'.  
They saw his yellow sweater there,  
A picture of the "gym."  
They liked the way he wore his hair,  
And every one liked him.

So now the big boys notice me,  
And, in some way or other,  
They let me join their club, you see,  
Because I 'm Jim's own brother.

*Montrose J. Moses.*

## A FAMOUS SNOW IMAGE.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.



ALL night and all the morning the snow had fallen, and when the afternoon sun blazed out it shone upon immense drifts of dazzling whiteness that covered all the fences and even made unsuccessful attempts to rise to the tops of the telegraph-poles.

John and his sister Helen, who lived far enough north to be quite accustomed to such storms, hurried into their warm wraps and were soon out in the yard waging a fierce battle with snowballs.

"How splendidly the snow packs!" said Helen, as she stopped a moment for breath.

"Yes, indeed," answered John, patting together a fat ball.

"Oh, I 'll tell you!" he exclaimed, as a new idea suddenly occurred to him. "Let 's make a snow man over there where the wind has swept the ground almost clear."

"All right," answered Helen; "the snow is just right."

Soon they were both busily at work.

When their father came home there stood a fine-looking snow man in the front yard, and the children were just finishing his nose—which persisted in falling off.

Then their mother called them in to supper, and what appetites John and Helen had I will leave it to the imagination of you children who have played in the snow.

"That snow man of yours is well made," their father said, as they settled down around

the blazing fire after supper; "but would you like to have me tell you something about the most famous snow image that ever was seen?" "Piero kept going to the palace windows and

"Oh, yes, indeed," both children answered; and John added, "But I did n't know snow images ever became famous."

"Well, one did, and I will tell you why," answered their father. "You know that in Italy the skies are supposed to be always bright and the climate warm and delightful; but about four hundred years ago a most singular thing occurred. In Florence, one of the largest cities of Italy, it began to snow, one morning. The people flocked out of their houses to enjoy the novel sensation of being in a snow-storm. The children looked in wonder at the falling white flakes, and asked their elders what the white things were; for they never had seen anything like them before.

"Of course the people supposed that it would stop snowing in a few minutes; but it did not, and after a time, as the ground became covered, some of the children found that the snow could be pressed together and molded, and they began to make handfuls of it into snowballs, and of course it was not long before they were pelting one another.

"All this time Piero de' Medici, the chief magistrate of Italy, was in his palace in Florence, watching from its windows the strange sight with as much eagerness as the children themselves.

"The storm kept on and on, until in some places the snow was five feet deep. No wonder the people were excited, and some of them almost frightened; for never before had they seen, at one time, more than scattered flakes of snow,

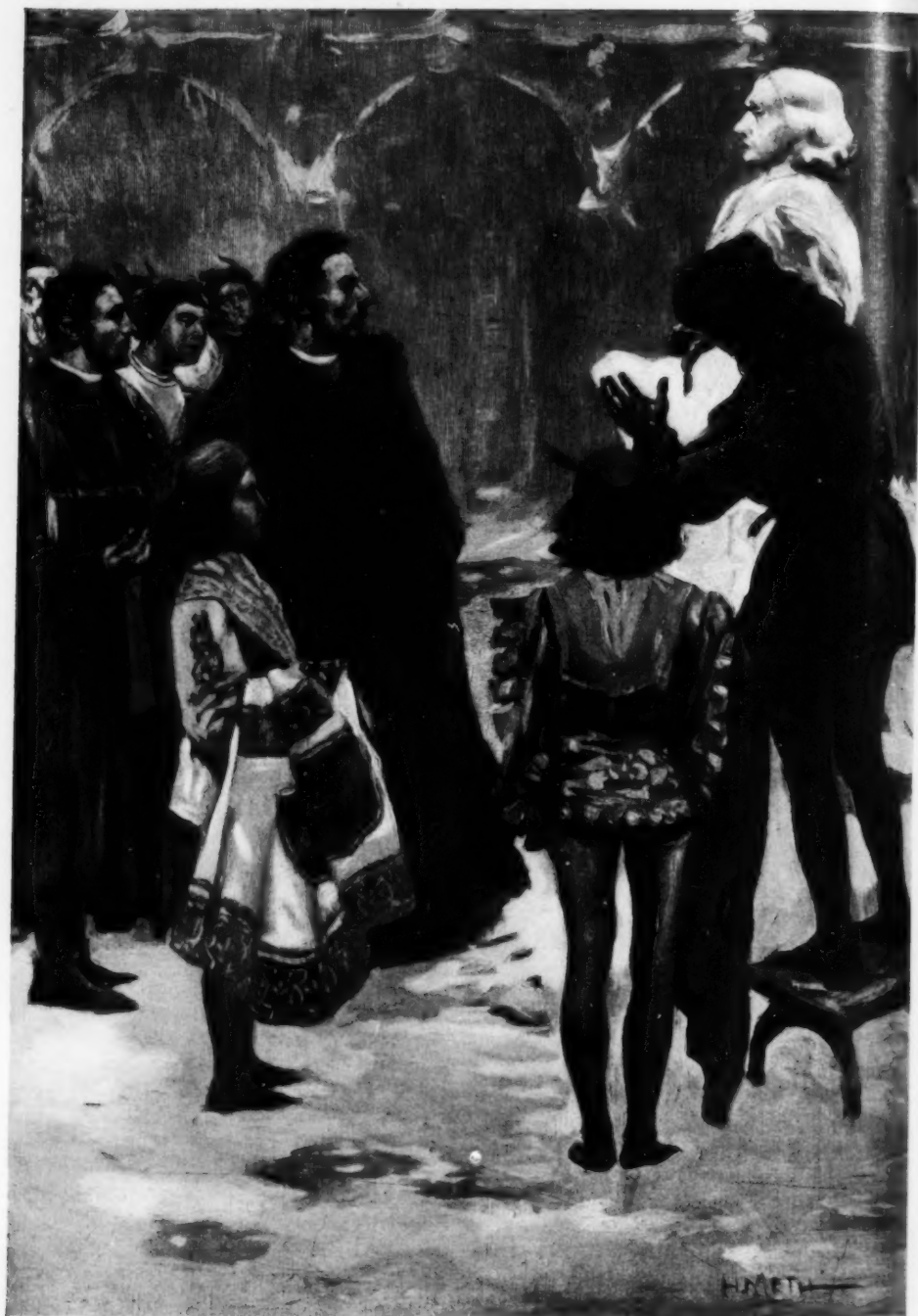
and even these few flakes had melted almost as soon as they had reached the ground.



"SOON HELEN AND JOHN WERE BUSILY AT WORK."

looking out, and he saw the children packing the snow into rude forms, making all sorts of fantastic images. He laughed as he saw them, and, I do not doubt, wished that he was a boy again, instead of the dignified ruler of Florence, in order that he too might go out and have a frolic in the snow.

"Suddenly an idea occurred to him. The purity of the snow reminded him of the marble that was used to make statues to adorn the squares and churches of the city; and as he saw how easily the children molded the snow with their hands, he thought of Michelangelo,



MICHELANGELO MAKING THE SNOW IMAGE FOR PIERO DE' MEDICI.

the  
an  
wh

p  
its  
wh  
art  
pal

me  
of  
for  
mo  
of  
del

"  
tha  
the  
"  
old,

W  
ereig  
both  
bey,  
many  
in th  
and  
Cant  
queen  
chair  
histor  
lookin  
Scone  
memo  
last v  
back  
Robert  
ried in  
the y  
coron

Vo



the able young sculptor who lived in Florence, and who had just begun to make people realize what a wonderful talent he had.

"So Piero, who, as ruler of the city, was very powerful, and could ask what he would of even its noblest people, sent for Michelangelo, and when the young sculptor came Piero bade the artist make for him a snow statue within the palace yard.

"Perhaps, in spite of his usually grave demeanor, Michelangelo entered into the spirit of frolic which prevailed throughout the city, for he made the statue, as Piero had requested, molding the ready snow, I doubt not, into one of the strong and powerful figures which he so delighted to carve out of marble.

"When it was done, Piero was so well pleased that he had the young sculptor come to live in the palace with him, and eat at his table.

"Michelangelo was then about twenty years old, and he afterward made some of the finest

statues that are in the city of Florence, and became one of the greatest sculptors that the world has ever known."

"How I wish I could have seen that snow statue!" exclaimed Helen.

"I suppose it was well worth seeing," her father answered. "But in Florence and in Rome to-day there are marble statues Michelangelo carved which have remained unchanged during all the four hundred years since the maker of the snow image lived. Perhaps, when you are older, you may go to those cities and see them."

"I mean to," said John, with an earnest shake of his head.

"I suppose the snow image did not last long," Helen said, after echoing John's determination.

"No," their father answered. "The climate of Italy is so warm that the snow very soon melted; and I believe that was the only time Italy was visited by so great a fall of snow."

---

## THE ROYAL CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

---

BY JENNIE DAY HAINES.

---

WHENEVER England has had a new sovereign the coronation ceremonies have been both grand and impressive. Westminster Abbey, within whose venerable walls cluster so many memories, is the scene of action. There, in the presence of a vast, gorgeously attired and bejeweled assemblage, the Archbishop of Canterbury solemnly crowns the future king or queen, as the case may be. The stately throne-chair, too, used on these occasions, is rich in historical associations. Its seat is only a rough-looking flat rock; but, as the noted "Stone of Scone," the Scottish kings, from time out of memory, had been crowned upon it. After the last war between England and Scotland, far back in the days of King Edward I. and Robert Bruce, this stone was captured and carried in triumph to England, where, ever since the year 1296, it has been used during the coronation of the English crowned heads.

After the rites at Westminster Abbey are over, all such as are entitled attend the royal banquet served in Westminster Hall. It is at this feast that the "Royal Champion," completely clad in armor, makes his appearance, and, in virtue of his office, proceeds to challenge to mortal combat any who would gainsay the title of the new sovereign.

There have been twenty-seven successive champions of England, from the time of William the Conqueror down to King William IV., who dispensed with the office. Queen Victoria did not revive it, although the office has not yet been abolished by Parliament, and the present champion, by right of heredity, is Francis Seamen Dymoke, who numbers the twenty-ninth in the line.

The latest appearance of England's champion was at the coronation of King George IV., on July 19, 1821. Dressed in armor, he ap-

peared on horseback just as the second course had been served at the royal banquet. A herald proclaimed that if any one dared to deny that the newly crowned monarch was the lawful King of England, "here was a champion that could fight with him"; and at these words he flung down his glove. The ceremony was thrice repeated. No one answering after the third defiance, the champion advanced to the king's table, where his Majesty drank to him, and presented him with the gold cup, to keep as his own.

The office of champion is a very ancient one, even antedating the Conquest, when the Marmions, lords of Fontenay, served the dukes of Normandy in this function. It is popularly supposed that William the Conqueror brought over the custom to England, as he granted Robert de Marmion, one of his distinguished followers, the castle and town of Tamworth, also the feudal manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire.

Although Sir Walter Scott has used the titles of this old family for his hero Marmion,—

They hail'd Lord Marmion,  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterwood and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town,—

still the character of Marmion in the poem is pure fiction.

After the castle and estate of Tamworth had passed down to four successive barons from Robert de Marmion, the family ended in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died, without sons, in the reign of Edward I.

The Tamworth estates went to his granddaughter Mazera, who married Alexander de Freville, and their descendant, Baldwin de Freville, in the reign of Richard I. claimed the office of Royal Champion; but it was given, instead, to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended, by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion, and it remains in that family to the present day.

When Charles Dymoke, the sixteenth champion,—who had appeared at the coronation of the unfortunate Charles I.,—died childless, in 1625, his honors passed to a cousin, Sir Edward,

who was champion at the Restoration, and who left three sons.

At this point there is a romantic story in the history of the office. The second son, Edward Dymoke, having for some reason fallen out with his kin, settled far away from them as a yeoman in Tetford, where he lived and died, bringing up his children in ignorance of their lineage. His great-grandson was but a worthy mercer in the town of Lincoln, when, in 1760, the wealthy Squire Lewis Dymoke of Scrivelby Manor died without issue, and the estate, with all its privileges, descended to a younger branch of the family, in the person of John Needham Dymoke, who thus became the twenty-second champion, and threw down the challenge for George III.

The office descended in this branch of the family to Henry Lionel Dymoke, who, at the coronation of George IV., became the twenty-seventh champion; but having no children nor any near relatives of his own name that he knew, he started an investigation to discover, if possible, some Dymoke to whom he might bequeath the estate and the championship. On examining the registers of Scrivelby, a surprising fact came to light:

It was found that the yeomen Dymokes of Tetford were not only of the true blood, but also had a better right to the championship than the squire himself. So, like the honorable gentleman that he was, Mr. Dymoke, "as an act of reparation," willed back to the yeoman branch the property of which it had been deprived since 1760. Thus, on the death of the squire's widow, in 1883, the heir of the Tetford family, Francis Seamen Dymoke, succeeded to Scrivelby; and it is his son and namesake who is to-day the twenty-ninth hereditary champion in descent from Sir Robert de Marmion.

Contrary to history, there are many popular legends and myths in which the champion's challenge has been accepted, especially with every eighteenth-century coronation, while a Stuart Pretender to the throne existed. Usually it is a woman, old and infirm, or young and beautiful, who, pushing her way through the crowd, takes up the champion's gauntlet and leaves her own in its place. One version

makes the Pretender himself, disguised in female attire, accomplish the daring feat.

It is also said that upon the coronation of George III., when the champion appeared in Westminster and, in the language of chivalry, solemnly wagered his body to defend, in single combat, the right of the young king to the crown of these realms, at the moment when he flung down his gauntlet as the gage of battle, an unknown female stepped from the crowd and lifted the pledge, leaving another gage in

place of it, with a paper on which it was written that if a fair field or combat were allowed, a champion of rank and birth would appear with equal arms, to dispute the right of King George to the British realm.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott will recall how in "Redgauntlet" he avails himself of this curious legend, and makes Lillias, his heroine, under the orders of her Jacobite uncle, pick up the "parader's gage" and leave in its stead another, in loyalty to "Bonny Prince Charlie."



"NOW, DOLLY, IT 'S TIME YOU BEGAN TO TALK! I 'VE SEEN A WAX DOLL NO OLDER THAN YOU, AND SHE SAYS 'PAPA' AND 'MAMA.' EVEN TOWSER CAN SPEAK FOR A LUMP OF SUGAR."

## THE WIND-BROOMS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

THE Wind has many big, strong brooms  
To sweep the dead leaves in the fall;  
He sweeps up all the forest rooms,  
He tidies up the roadsides all.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

It's cleaning-time!" he seems to call.

He blows the sky of clouds all free,  
He dusts the bushes clean and bare,  
He strips the leaves from every tree  
And sends them flying through the air.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

I'm cleaning now," he cries. "Take care!"

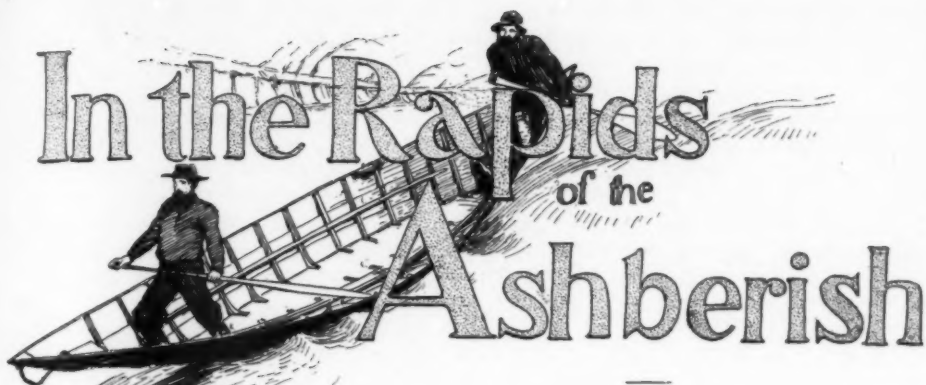
You feel the wind-brooms work and shake,  
Although they never meet the eye;  
But some fine morning, when you wake,  
You see a clean, bare earth and sky.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

We're off till spring," they call. "Good-by!"





# In the Rapids of the Ashberish

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

T

HE lumbermen, spending all the winter hours with the great silences of the wilderness, are a superstitious class; and the camp on the Ashberish they considered unlucky. It has, perhaps, more mishaps to its charge than any other lumber-camp in Canada. There, say the woodsmen, the bears and "Indian devils" (as they call panthers) are more potently revengeful than elsewhere; and there the unseen, mysterious forces of the forest make most frequent and effective assault. If, in that neighborhood, a dead limb falls suddenly, some axman is likely to be passing beneath. If a confident woodsman roams too far beyond the usual paths, there comes a day when the familiar signs mislead him and he returns not. The thirsty chopper stoops to the water-hole to drink just as the panther is stealing up behind him.

When the season of 1887 began on the Ashberish, among the "hands" engaged were two men from the St. Francis district, who seemed ill pleased to find themselves in the same camp. One was a square-shouldered, lean New-Englander, who had drifted across into Canada while yet a lad. The other was half French, half Indian, active, wiry, a most capable woodsman, but disliked for his sullen and vindictive disposition. When "Si" Bartlett and Crépin Michaud met at the rough board

dinner-table of the Ashberish camp, they swerved by instinct to opposite sides of the room. What each thought of the other was plainly to be seen in their faces. With Michaud it was a bitter hatred; with Bartlett a sort of angry disgust and scorn.

It soon became evident that the feud was one of old standing; but as for its origin, that was wrapped in an obscurity which no one dared strive to penetrate. All saw that an attempt to reconcile the two would be idle. Bartlett was wont to assert that "it made him sick" when Michaud passed between him and the daylight; and the half-breed was always ready and able to thrash any one who should presume to ask him to shake hands with the New-Englander.

"Of course," grumbled the others, among themselves, "seeing as it's in *this* here camp, it 'll git worse and worse, 'stead of better and better, and afore spring there 'll be trouble!"

But the "boss" of the Ashberish camp was a strict master, and under his stern rule the feud for a time merely smoldered, being allowed no opportunity of flaming out into open violence.

One day an event occurred which might have been expected to patch up a peace, but which seemed only to add fuel to the bitterness. Some of the choppers were at work on a group of huge pine-trees. They had just



stepped back from the butt of one of the tallest, and the green top was sweeping downward with that low, solemn roar whose reverberations so thrill the forest recesses. In its fall it smote upon an ancient hemlock, and a great dead limb was hurled high into the air, as if shot out of a catapult. Just in the path of this great falling limb stood Michaud, leaning on his ax. Too late came a yell of warning. But Si Bartlett, who was a few steps behind Michaud, sprang forward, grasped him by the middle, and swung him headlong aside into a clump of fir-bushes.

Livid with fury, Michaud crept out of the bushes, and for a second or two seemed to crouch like a wild beast, glaring upon Bartlett. There was a moment of breathless expectation. Then the half-breed's eyes fell on the shattered branch, and he realized what had happened. But to be thus compelled to owe his life to the man he so fiercely hated seemed almost more than he could endure. With a word or two hissed between his teeth, he picked up his ax and strode off to another part of the woods.

After this, for some weeks, things ran on as before, till the ice went out of the Ashberish in an early freshet, and the work of the teams was doubled in the effort to get all the logs out to the water before the roads should go to pieces. The snow was beginning to "slump" ominously, and the yellow chips in front of the camp steamed fragrantly in the sun at noon.

Then, one night, it happened that a horse of Si Bartlett's broke loose in the stables. There was a noise of kicking, squealing, and trampling, and two or three men tumbled out of their bunks and ran, in their socks, to see what was the matter. The loose horse, in wandering about the stables, had speedily got into difficulties with the other horses, and had cut three or four of them with the calks of his shoes. Only one was at all seriously injured, however—but that one was a fine black mare of Michaud's. It was seen that this animal would be unable to work for some weeks, and would have to be sent home to the settlements.

Michaud fairly writhed with fury, and some one told Si to "watch out for him!"

But Si laughed at these warning words.

"He ain't likely to tech me, I reckon!" said he, confidently. "He 's been an' tried that leetle game afore, an' he knows now jest what he *can't* do!"

Of course the matter at once came up before the boss. The damage was charged to Bartlett, who agreed that the money should be reserved out of his pay and handed over to Michaud. This arrangement the other pretended to accept as final. He led the injured animal into the settlement, then returned to camp and to work.

A few nights later, when all were asleep in the camp, Michaud slipped noiselessly out of his bunk. He had a small bundle in his hand. Stealthily as a cat he moved to the door, picking up, as he went, a coil of rope that lay beneath one of the benches. Without a sound he unfastened the door. For half a second the frosty moonlight streamed in, and then he was gone.

It was but a few minutes after this that a light sleeper awoke. He seemed to have heard through his dreams a commotion in the stables. As he listened, he could hear nothing but a momentary trampling and an uneasy whinny. He was on the point of getting up and going to investigate, but even while he thought about it he fell asleep again.

When the hands turned out, and found that Michaud had disappeared, there was apprehension of mischief. On entering the stables, they beheld a sight which set them ablaze with righteous wrath. Had Michaud fallen into their hands at that moment it would have gone ill with him. Si Bartlett's horse had been brutally slashed. The poor animal had to be taken out and shot.

Three or four of the hotheads of the camp were off on Michaud's trail without waiting to take counsel. But Si was cooler. In fact, he seemed less excited than any of his fellows; but there was an expression about his mouth which promised results. In a short time the pursuers returned, crestfallen. They had tracked Michaud as far as the river, but there the trail stopped short.

"Then he's taken the bateau!" exclaimed Bartlett, in accents of bitter disappointment.

But no. To the astonishment of the whole

camp, the boat known by its French name had been left on the shore uninjured. It was evident that the missing man had gone down the river on a raft of logs—a rude craft in the handling of which he was an expert. But all agreed that he must have quite lost his head, or he would never have left the bateau.

"'T ain't more 'n ten mile he 's goin' to make *that* way!" remarked Job Cox, a Madawaska raftsmen. "Ef he 's fool enough to try to run the sault [the rapids] on that thar thing, he 'll git his desarts right straight."

"Oh!" said Bartlett, "he ain't a *born* eejut, he ain't. He 'll run no rapids on a couple of logs. That 's jest a trick to throw us off the scent. 'Fore he gits to rough water he 'll take to the woods an' strike across to the St. Lawrence shore. You see!"

It was finally resolved that Bartlett, taking Job Cox with him in the bateau, should run down to the village of Temiscouata, and there take out a warrant for Michaud's arrest.

About the time they were arriving at this decision, Michaud was thrusting ashore his clumsy craft at the head of the rough water. He was not the man to commit an oversight even when in a rage, and the leaving of the bateau was an essential part of his well-devised scheme of revenge.

He tied the log raft securely. The coil of rope which he had brought with him was light and strong. Carrying it in his hand, he walked down along the boiling rapid about fifty yards, to a point where the shores were not more than twenty paces asunder. There he made one end of the rope fast to the trunk of a tree. Right opposite, nearly at the water's edge, stood another tree, while in the middle of the current that raged between was a black rock, thrusting itself above the turmoil. To the loose end of the rope he then tied a good-sized stone, and this he hurled with all his force across the stream in such cunning fashion that the rope which it carried in its flight caught and clung about the tree. Where the line sagged in the center, it was held by the rock, which prevented it from being dragged down by the waves. This accomplished to his satisfaction, Michaud returned upstream to his little raft, poled himself across the head of the

rapids, and hid it in an eddy under overhanging branches. Then, after securing the rope to the tree as he had done on the other side, he withdrew into the woods.

The current of the swollen Ashberish was running like a mill-race when Bartlett and Cox embarked upon it. There was little need of their paddles, except for steering. Now and again they dashed through a foam-crested wave, which drenched them with spray. Here and there they had to stoop suddenly to escape an overhanging branch. A white-headed eagle screamed at them from the top of a blasted pine, and once a drinking caribou fled up the bank at their approach. To these things they paid small heed. They passed the spot where the half-breed had last landed, but they failed to see the well-hidden raft. The next moment they were darting and wallowing down the mad rapids.

The black and white shores ran swiftly past them, and in a second or two they saw the rope. Cox, who was in the bow, yelled, "Snub her!" But even as the word left his mouth they were upon it. The unsteady craft plunged, swung broadside on, and rolled over. Borne down by the waves, it plowed under the rope and went battering down the trough.

Cox, in some miraculous way, succeeded in clinging to it for a few moments, and when he lost his hold he was swept ashore, all but lifeless, a hundred yards below. Bartlett, meanwhile, had made good his grip upon the rope itself, and now, with the utmost effort of his mighty strength, was working his way, hand over hand, to the opposite shore.

He was within a few feet of safety, when Michaud appeared on the bank, his lips curled with a malignant grin. Bartlett made a terrific effort to reach the shore, and at the same instant the half-breed, drawing his knife, sprang forward to cut the rope. But in his haste he forgot his caution. His foot sank into a crevice, and, falling headlong, his head and arms went into the water. He barely saved himself from being carried away by the torrent. The knife slipped from his grasp.

As he recovered himself, Bartlett was just struggling to land. With an inarticulate snarl of hate, the half-breed leaped upon him, bear-

ing him back partly into the water. Wearing by his battle with the current, the New-Englander was at a terrible disadvantage. But a fierce heat now pricked through his veins, and his strength came back to him. Breaking Michaud's grip, he surged forward mightily, and hurled the half-breed backward over a fallen trunk. The next moment he drew himself up on firm ground.

For a few seconds—to Cox, on the other bank, it seemed an age—the men faced each other in silence. Michaud, though the smaller of the two, had the lithe strength and spring of a panther. As wrestler and fighter his reputation was in all the camps. Si Bartlett, on the other hand, was never known to fight; nor would he even stand up to a formal wrestling-match. The mere clutch of his long fingers, the mere twist of his lean wrist, had always seemed enough to lay the sturdiest woodsman in the snow. But this crisis found him bewildered and breathless, with a humming of wild waters in his ears.

All at once the half-breed stepped nimbly to one side, and then like lightning sprang forward upon the New-Englander's neck. The latter, stooping slightly, strove to lay his opponent across his hip; but this trick being skillfully foiled, the two found themselves locked in a fair grip. Michaud's lips whitened as those sinews of steel contracted about him, but he considered that Bartlett's endurance must be almost at an end, and he stood the punishment.

Across the raving of the torrent, Cox watched breathlessly the progress of the struggle. He saw the writhing forms sway farther and farther down the shore. He saw them sway nearer and nearer the edge of the bank, which here grew suddenly higher and more precipitous.

He shouted a warning, but in that terrible struggle it went unheeded.

And now, on the very brink, the half-breed's strength seemed suddenly to give way. Slowly, slowly, the New-Englander bent him backward. Slowly, very slowly—till all at once Michaud's arms went up, his form collapsed, and both men lost their balance and toppled just at the river's edge.

Bartlett loosed his hold, and, turning around as he fell, succeeded in catching a root and saving himself. Michaud fell farther out, and was swept struggling down the channel. He could not swim, and his arms beat the foaming water helplessly.

As soon as Si Bartlett recovered his feet he ran on downstream, watching with a strange expression his vanquished and drowning enemy. At the foot of the rapid the latter sank in the deep water. As soon as he came up, he uttered a cry of despair, and at once sank again.

The next instant Si Bartlett was in the stream. Three or four great strokes brought him to the spot where his enemy had gone down. Then he dived, caught Michaud by the loose shirt, and before long dragged him safely ashore.

After gasping and choking for a minute or two, Michaud opened his eyes and looked at his rescuer. He lay motionless on the soggy snow, and gazed with shrinking wonder at the tall figure that stood over him. Bartlett was breathing heavily, and his face was very white. At last Michaud struggled weakly to his feet, and spoke in a low voice.

"I 'll go with you now," said he, "an' take my dose like a man. An' after I 've served my time for mistreatin' the horse, then I 'll ask yer pardon, Si Bartlett, fer all I 've ever done ag'in' you. You 're a *man*—an' I ain't fit to ile your larrigans [shoes]. An' I 'll pay fer the horse, first chance I git!"

Michaud paused, waiting for an answer, but receiving none. Then he pointed to the bateau, lying bottom up on the shore.

"Let 's git down along to Temiscouata," said he, abruptly.

"No," said Bartlett; "I ain't a-goin' to proceed ag'in' you any fuder. I believe you mean what you 're a-sayin'. Ef you ask it, I pardon you right now, and say, for my part, let bygones be bygones! But you 'd better jest skin out of these parts for a bit, till the boys cool down."

He held out his hand.

The half-breed lifted his own in slow astonishment. Then his excitable temperament got the better of him. He grasped the proffered



"AND NOW, ON THE VERY BRINK, MICHAUD'S STRENGTH SEEMED TO GIVE WAY."

hand and wrung it passionately, invoking swift blessings on Bartlett's head till words quite failed him—when suddenly, with a sort of sob, he turned and dashed off through the woods.

Bartlett slowly moved down the shore to the capsized boat, righted it, cut a pole, and thrust the boat over to where Job Cox was awaiting

him. As Cox was cutting another pole, he asked:

"How in thunder did you come to let him git off that way, Si, when you had him right thar?"

"Oh," replied Bartlett, thoughtfully, "I reckon we got the old scores all washed out, there in the rapids, and kind of come out with a clean slate!"

## THE COLBURN PRIZE.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

ALICE READS HER PAPER, AND HER FRIENDS  
READ ALICE.

AFTER dinner was over, the family gathered as usual in the pleasant library, and Gertrude announced: "Alice has her paper written, mamma, but she has not read it to me yet. I wish

you would ask her to read it, so that we can all hear it."

"Certainly; we must hear it, by all means, Alice dear. It would never do to have our opinions biased from having heard but one."

"Wait, wait! I must have my after-dinner cigar before I can listen properly. Who is to get it for me?" said Mr. Folsome, playfully.

"Now, who ever heard such a broad hint, I'd like to know? I'll go hunt for his cigar-case. I dare say he has left it in his overcoat pocket."

Gertrude brought the cigar and held a lighted match for him.

"Shall I smoke it for you, too?" she asked jokingly.

"No, thank you, saucebox; I can do that for myself very well. Eh, but this is comfortable!" he added, as he leaned back in his easy-chair.

"I'm afraid mine won't be half so pretty as Gertrude's, for she knows just how to tell about things. But, somehow, I can't think of such bright things to say as she can; all my ideas seem to be such sober ones," said Alice.

"You have chosen a rather sober subject, have you not, dear?" asked Mrs. Folsome.



"NOW, WHO EVER HEARD SUCH A BROAD HINT?" ASKED GERTRUDE."



"It seems to me that a young girl like you should prefer bright, happy thoughts, and this poem, while it is very beautiful, deals with rather solemn ones for young people."

"Yes, I know it does, but I *feel* solemn, sometimes. I can just *see* Mr. Longfellow standing upon that bridge and watching the water flow beneath him, and I'm sure he was wishing, oh, so hard! for something bright and happy, just then — something that would make him glad, as other people were. Did you ever feel dreadfully lonesome, and wish somebody would say something sweet and kind to you?"

Alice little dreamed how much she was disclosing to her sympathetic listeners, or the unintentional reproach she cast upon those whose duty it should have been to make such longings impossible.

Mr. Folsome gathered the lonesome little girl close to his side.

Alice laughed a contented little laugh, and, seated upon the right arm of the huge chair while Gertrude sat upon the left, she began to read.

She had a soft, sympathetic voice, and read well. The picture was truly drawn, the story graphically told. How so young a child could put into it so much feeling, could bring everything so plainly before her hearers, was a source of wonder to them, and while they yet wished that Gertrude might win the prize, they could not fail to see that Alice's description was the stronger one, and that it would be a very difficult matter for those who adjudged them to decide upon their relative merits.

That the brighter, happier picture drawn by Gertrude would be more likely to appeal to others there could be no doubt, for we all love the sunshine of life; but Alice's was undoubtedly the more powerful of the two. When she had finished she looked from one to the other



"GERTRUDE HELD A LIGHTED MATCH FOR HIM."

with a half-expectant, half-disheartened look, and said:

"Do tell me exactly what you think of it, please, for I don't half know, myself, and I do so want to have something pretty for my very own!" And her voice choked a little.

"My little girl," said Mrs. Folsome, as her eyes exchanged a mutually understood look with Gertrude, "you have truly done wonders. Since hearing your composition, I quite tremble for Gertrude's chances."

"Really — really? Do you think it is good? I'm so happy! But I must know what Mr. Folsome thinks, too."

"I think I'd like to take some of the people in this world, and put them into a patent carpet-shaking machine, just to see if it would have the effect of shaking some sense into them!" said Mr. Folsome, his eyes looking suspiciously bright.

"But what in the world has that to do with



"THEY ROMPED WITH THE LITTLE FOX-TERRIER."

what I 've written?" asked Alice, laughing heartily.

"Nothing. Only, I wish you 'd write me a pen-picture of 'Darius Green and his Flying-Machine,' or 'The Wonderful One-Horse Shay,' or 'Yankee Doodle,' or anything with a *laugh* in it. Such solemn ideas should n't be able to find place in your little brain."

"Then you don't like my picture?" And her face fell.

"Like it? Yes, I do—immensely. It is a perfect wonder of deep feeling and sympathy. But I want to see more mirth and gladness than that in a little body like you. And now scoot off with Gertrude and Dot for a grand romp, and then to bed with you both, for it is half-past eight now, and in half an hour you must both be aboard the limited express for Sleepytown."

Off the little girls flew, with the lively little fox-terrier close at their heels; and while they romped with him, hiding his ball and making him hunt for it, sending him upstairs for first one toy and then another from his box of toys, which was in mama's room,—and the intelligent little scamp knew each so well by name that he never brought the wrong one,—Mr. and Mrs. Folsome had a serious talk.

"Poor little forlorn chicken!" said Mr. Folsome. "I declare to you, I could hardly sit

still and listen to what that child had written; it showed too sad an undercurrent in her daily life. And I tell you, it's my opinion that our Gertrude is going to have a neck-and-neck race for that prize."

"I agree with you. But, much as I would love to have her win it, I could almost wish for Alice's success. The poor child has *so* little."

"Does n't your father say funny things?" asked Alice, as she and Gertrude stood before the pretty dressing-table, brushing their hair for the night. "Sometimes I don't know what he means, although I try ever so hard to think it out."

"Oh, that 's only papa's way. He often talks the greatest lot of nonsense, and just as I make up my mind he is only making fun, I begin to find the sense of it all."

## CHAPTER V.

### GERTRUDE'S SCHEME.

ABOUT an hour later, when Mrs. Folsome came upstairs, she stopped to peep in at Gertrude's door. The tiny fairy lamp cast a soft light through the room, and Mrs. Folsome was surprised to discover that Gertrude was still awake.

Coming close to the side of the pretty brass bedstead where the girls were sleeping together, she bent down and whispered, "Why, dear, I thought you would be fast asleep by this time!

Alice has set you a wise example." And she stooped lower for another good-night kiss. To her surprise, she discovered that Gertrude's cheek was wet with tears, and instantly all the mother tenderness came forth.

"Why, my darling, what is it? Tell mother at once, and let her help the trouble" — for Gertrude very seldom gave way to tears, and it was always some real grief that could draw them forth. But she only put her arms about her mother's neck and drew her close down beside her.

Alice stirred in her sleep and murmured, "Just think! a pretty watch — my *very* own."

"There! do you hear that?" asked Gertrude, rather tragically; and sitting up suddenly, she said: "Come

to your room, please, mama, for I've something to tell you, and even our whispering might wake Alice."

"Must it be told to-night, dear one? It is very late for you to be awake, and you may tell me early to-morrow."

"No, mama; oh, don't ask me to wait, for I may not have courage to tell then, and I *must* tell."

Getting quickly out of bed, she slipped on the dainty pink night-slippers, and drew on the pink eider-down bedroom robe which lay upon the chair beside her, then followed her mother across the hall to the other room, her mother's own sanctum.

"Now, mama, please sit up there in the cor-

ner of the couch and let me come close beside you, for I can talk better then."

And her wise mother, feeling how much trifles influence us when we are sad or troubled, complied with her request.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GERTRUDE'S SACRIFICE.

CUDDLING close, with her head in her mother's lap, Gertrude began:

"Ever since Alice spoke to Dora Hinton, this morning in school, I've thought how anxious she was to win the prize; for her voice sounded so — so eager, you know. And then, when she read her paper to us to-night, and



GERTRUDE TELLS HER PLAN.

talked about it as she did, I seemed to realize what it would mean to her if she did n't win it. Of course she did n't understand what papa meant by all that queer talk ; but I did, because I 'm so used to hearing him say such things. And then, when I looked at you, I knew how dreadfully sorry you felt for her because she was so lonesome and did n't have any one to love her as I have you and him to love and pet me.

"Mama,"—sitting up suddenly and planting her chin in her hands, while her elbows rested upon her mother's knees,—*"just think* what a dreadful thing it must be not to have your father and mother love and pet you, and not to be able to go and tell them every little thing that happens! Just think! Why, it must be simply miserable!"

"Yes, my pet, it *is* miserable — far more than you can realize," Mrs. Folsome answered.



"WHEN ALONE WITH HER TEACHER, GERTRUDE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY."

"I 'm just as sorry for her as I can be, and if I should win that watch I 'd feel as though I 'd taken something away from her," Gertrude went on.

"But, my dear little girl, there is not the slightest reason that you should feel so, if you win it fairly. Moreover, there are many girls in the class, and any one of them may win it. How many are there?"

"Fourteen."

"Well, think how many both you and Alice must compete with."

"Yes, I know there are a lot of them; but, you see, Alice and I have always come out first in everything of this sort,—at least, one or the other of us has been first,—and so I think we may now; and I *won't*, and that 's just all there is about it."

"But how can you help it, if your paper is considered best?" her mother asked.

"Just this way: I 'm not going to have it ready in time."

"Why, Gertrude! But I can't permit that. You must!"

"Now, mama, *please* don't say I must; for it is hard enough as it is, I can tell you. But I 've thought hard for the last hour, and I 've made up my mind. I 'd like to get that watch just as much as any girl in the school would, but not if I have to win it from Alice."

"Well, tell me your plan, dear; and if it be a wise one, I will not gainsay it."

"There is n't much plan to it — only just this: We girls are all to hand in our papers by next Friday afternoon, and Miss Case sends them to Mrs. Colburn at once. If any girl fails to have hers prepared in time, she is n't in it — that 's all," said Gertrude, unconsciously giving way to slang in her earnestness. "My paper is all written, but I sha'n't have it copied, and when Miss Case asks for it I can say it is n't ready. That will be true,



"'PERHAPS THAT WAS HER WAY OF HAVING DELIGHTFUL TIMES,' SAID ALICE." (SEE PAGE 409.)

too; and, after it is all over, I can copy it and explain to Miss Case; for I don't want her to think I'm careless."

"My dear, dear little daughter!" was all Mrs. Folsome said.

But Gertrude knew her plan was approved, and, jumping up, said:

"Now I'm easy in my mind, and I'm going straight to bed, and to sleep, too, for I could n't sleep one wink so long as all that was bubbling in my brain."

The next Friday afternoon fourteen eager girls gathered in the assembly-room to hand Miss Case their papers. They were varied and various as to style, neatness, and composition.

One after the other handed hers as her name was called from the roll-book, and when it came Gertrude's turn a murmur of surprise and dismay arose at her reply:

"Mine is not quite ready, Miss Case. I have n't copied it yet."

"Not copied it, Gertrude?" And Miss Case looked up in blank amazement.

"No, Miss Case, it is not ready." Gertrude looked down at her desk.

"Why, Gertrude, I cannot understand this.

You are usually so prompt. You certainly have some good excuse to offer?"

"No, Miss Case, I have n't even that. I just have n't copied it, that is all," she said, with flushed face and quivering voice.

"You may remain after the others are dismissed," was all Miss Case said, but she looked keenly at the girl, and felt that more than she suspected lay behind the words she had heard uttered.

When school was over, the girls crowded about Gertrude, plying her with questions. The poor child was nearly beside herself, and at last said in desperation:

"Oh, *do* let me be! It is just as I've told you a hundred times over. It is n't copied, and that's all I have to say."

When the others had gone, Miss Case called Gertrude to her, and putting her arm around her, said gently: "Gertrude dear, there is something more to this than you were willing to tell in the presence of the other girls. Will you tell it to me?"

"I can't, Miss Case, and *please, please* don't ask me"; and, alone with her teacher, Gertrude's feelings broke down completely.



"Then tell me this, dear: Does your mother know anything about it?"

"Yes, mama knows *all* about it, and why I've not prepared my paper in time."

"Very well, then; only I am very, *very* sorry you have missed your chance for the prize."

"You *can't* be more sorry than I am, Miss Case." And her tone told more than her words.

The following week was one of misery to her; for she was a general favorite with the other girls, and they could not reconcile themselves to the existing condition of affairs, particularly Alice, who was devoted to Gertrude, and who grieved bitterly over her supposed misfortune.

"Why in the world did n't you copy your paper during the week? It is a perfect shame, for it was such a lovely one! I know it would be best of all. I just wish I had n't given mine in. I would n't if I'd known yours was n't ready, only 'F-i' comes before 'F-o' on the roll-book, and so, of course, I had to go poking up

first. Ugh! it's horrid." Alice gave herself a disgusted shake.

"Nonsense! I'm glad you did take it up. Because I fell behind is no reason that you should. One dunce at a desk is enough." She tried to laugh, but it proved a rather forlorn attempt, and Alice was quick to feel it.

"Oh, I *do* so wish something could be done about it!" she exclaimed. "Could n't you get it ready to hand to Miss Case on Monday? and perhaps she would accept and send it, after all. Do try! I hate to have you miss the chance!"

"No," said Gertrude, decisively; "that would n't be fair at all, and I'm not going to try for it. I was n't ready at the time the others were, so I must take the consequences."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PRIZE IS WON.

THE important Friday came at last, and the girls, in a great state of flutter, and arrayed in



"THE GIRLS CROWDED ABOUT HER AS SHE OPENED THE PRETTY CASE." (SEE PAGE 410.)



their very best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks, assembled once more in the big room.

Upon the platform sat Mrs. Colburn, looking as serene as a summer's day. Her great brown eyes seemed to see everything, and not a girl present but felt that those clear, penetrating eyes looked right down into her heart, and saw there all that was best or worst in her nature. The beautiful white hair lent an added charm to the calm, dignified face beneath it. But the sweet mouth, with its soft, tender curves, was her most attractive feature.

Beside the visitor stood Miss Case, with the assembly-bell held ready to bring the class to order. At the right side of the platform sat relatives and friends of the girls; and one could not fail to see that a good deal of anxiety rested upon grown-up as well as upon youthful shoulders. There was not a girl present that did not have some one there to give a look of hope or encouragement.

Yes; there was just one who was quite alone, quite unable to single out a friendly eye, and that was Alice.

The previous afternoon she had told her mother of the poem contest, and asked her if she thought she could *possibly* drive over to the school on Friday afternoon.

"Drive to the school, child! Are you daft? Even if I could drive there, it would *kill* me to sit and hear those stupid girls reading all that nonsense."

"But truly, mama, it is n't nonsense," Alice answered. "Mrs. Colburn would n't listen to nonsense."

"Oh, Mrs. Colburn has always been peculiar. As a young girl she invariably had about twenty children towing after her, and lost no end of delightful things just to have walks with them. It seems perfect folly!"

"Perhaps that was her way of having delightful times," said Alice, naively, and walked quietly out of the room.

So now she sat in the school-room quite alone, so far as any interest from those seated upon the platform was concerned, and felt very solitary.

Beside her sat Gertrude, looking very pretty in her handsome plaid poplin, with its cardinal silk trimmings, her soft hair falling about her

flushed face, and her eyes brighter than ever from excitement.

Buzz, buzz, went the voices all around her, till the soft tinkle of the bell called all to order.

As Mrs. Colburn rose and stepped to the desk a pin could have been heard to drop, and the girls' hearts beat so loudly that they believed they could be heard.

She began, in her silvery voice: "You can scarcely comprehend what it means to me to have so many bright faces gathered before me to-day, or how gratifying it is to be able to bring happiness to you all. I say 'all,' for even though the reward cannot be given to all, the pleasure you must naturally feel in the delight of the fortunate contestant will necessarily bring with it a happy moment for yourselves. And let me thank you for the very delightful week you have given me; for in reading and criticizing your papers I have learned a great deal of your true selves, and have been brought closer to you than I otherwise could have hoped to be.

"Mr. Longfellow was for many years my dear and valued friend, and it has been my great good fortune to talk with him about many of his exquisite poems, learning from his own lips under what circumstances they had been written, and their true meaning.

"Nothing could have been sweeter or simpler than his manner, nor could anything have been more lovable than his nature. He was a great man in the truest sense of the word, and to see his writings with his own eyes was indeed an inestimable privilege, and one for which I shall never cease to be grateful. And you, my dear girls, have helped me to live again those delightful days in Cambridge, for many of the thoughts expressed in your papers have been an echo of those I there heard.

"I have striven hard to arrive at a just criticism, and, believe me,"—with a sweet smile just curving the corners of her mouth,—"*I* found it a very difficult matter—so difficult that I felt compelled to ask the advice of a very clever friend in order to render a just decision. Still, I am so anxious that there should not be a shadow of injustice that I am going to beg that you will cast a vote after hearing the papers read. Of course, my own choice is made, but it will be a source of great satisfaction if I

find that you, too, select the paper I have chosen. Miss Case, will you be kind enough to call the names from your roll-book?"

After bowing slightly to the principal, Mrs. Colburn resumed her seat. First upon the roll came Constance Almont, and a sweet-faced girl of fifteen came to the platform.

One by one they followed in regular succession, and each read her paper. Meanwhile Mrs. Colburn's eyes swept the school-room, and at last rested upon Gertrude. When all had finished reading, she turned to Miss Case and asked a question, to which Miss Case replied in a low tone, but not so low that Gertrude did not catch it: "Her composition was not prepared in time." It was the hardest moment of all for the girl.

Only her mother's sympathetic look saved her from breaking down; but all through that dreadful time she was sustained by the sweet smile that never failed to meet her appealing look.

When the papers were read at last, the girls were requested to write upon slips of paper the name of the girl whose description they most admired.

Soon thirteen papers were dropped into the little box Miss Case passed around to receive them, and when all were collected she handed the box to Mrs. Colburn, who at once proceeded to read and lay them in little piles before her—five in the first pile, four in the second, three in the third, and one in the fourth.

"In these little papers lies the fate of the prize; and I am delighted to find that my judgment, that of my friend Professor Reynolds, and the votes of five of the young ladies present, have awarded it to Alice Fisher. The four other votes are for Frances Dallison, the three for Marie Whitmore, and the remaining one for Katharine Ryder. While we cannot fail to see that Alice's paper shows a greater depth of

sentiment and strong feeling than any of the others, and that she has expressed herself exceptionally well, we must not overlook the merits of the others. They are extremely well written, and I am more than gratified to express to you my warmest thanks for the pleasure you have given me, and, I feel sure, the others as well.

"Alice dear, will you come to the platform, and give to me the crowning pleasure of the afternoon by allowing me to present to you the prize which you have so justly won?"

Her face beaming with happiness, Alice walked up to the platform, and Mrs. Colburn, taking a pretty pale-blue velvet case from the desk before her, placed it in Alice's hand.

"There, dear! I hope when you wear it you will think of the noble character whose beautiful words made it possible for you to win it." And Mrs. Colburn patted Alice's cheek with a caressing gesture.

"Thank you, oh, so very, very much!" was all Alice said; but her face told volumes.

The girls crowded about her as she opened the pretty case and disclosed to their eager eyes the beautiful little watch with its pretty monograms, and the dainty heart-shaped pin to hold it. "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "How sweet!" "How lovely!" were heard upon all sides, and large and small offered their congratulations. None were heartier than Mrs. Folsome's and Gertrude's, for they rejoiced most sincerely in Alice's good fortune. After the excitement had subsided, a few brief remarks were made by Miss Case, thanking Mrs. Colburn in her own and the girls' names for her generous gift, and the school was dismissed.

Alice, naturally, was the heroine of the hour, but bore her laurels modestly.

"Now that I have the watch, and know that it is truly, truly mine, I am almost sorry I've won it, for if I had n't, Gertrude would, I know," she said to Mrs. Folsome afterward.

(To be concluded.)



## HOW PEPPER HELPED TO DISCOVER AMERICA.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

How would you like a pie not only sweetened and spiced but made hot with a sprinkling of pepper? or a cake full of fruit and also strongly peppered? I rather think you would call these things spoiled, and beg to have them made in a different way. If, however, we had lived some four or five hundred years ago, we should have thought, like every one else in those days, that no dish, sweet or otherwise, was complete without the pungent taste of pepper. No doubt it is as well for our digestions that we in these times like our food prepared in simpler fashion.

Perhaps it would surprise you to know that this taste for pepper, and the value which was once placed upon it, played an important part in the discovery of America. In case this last statement seems improbable, let me tell you something of the history of pepper, and its importance in the commerce of the world during the Middle Ages. There are a great many common things, you know, that have very interesting stories belonging to them, and they are generally worth hearing.

The native country of the pepper-plant is southern India, and its culture there is very old. The berry, or peppercorn, which is ground for our use, is produced on vines which are trained against trees, very much as you may see the grape-vines in an Italian vineyard. The berries are dried in the sun and sent to market in bags. Black and white pepper are made from the same berries, but the black contains the ground husk, which the other does not. This addition of the husk gives the darker color and stronger flavor to black pepper.

The old Eastern nations, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans all knew and used a great many spices, and among them was always pepper. How soon it came to be so highly esteemed as it was in the Middle Ages

is not certain; but as early as 410, when the great Northern conqueror, Alaric the Visigoth, besieged Rome, and was induced to retire by taking a ransom, three thousand pounds of pepper formed part of the treasure he carried away with him.

Later on, taxes began to be paid in pepper instead of in money, and the Jews, especially, who dealt largely in this, among other spices, were obliged, in many cases, to give to the government so many pounds of it yearly. In the twelfth century, according to an old law, the Jews paid to the Pope a tribute of one pound of pepper and two pounds of cinnamon. From certain Provençal villages the archbishop received annually from one half to two pounds of pepper, in payment for allowing the Jews to have a copy of the book of their law, a synagogue, a lamp burning perpetually, and a cemetery. In 1385 the King of Provence imposed on the Jews in his dominions a tax of sixty pounds of pepper.

So much traffic in this spice came to the city of Alexandria that one of its streets and a gate were named for it; and as for Venice, an Italian proverb said, "*Il nero e il bianco hanno fatto ricca Venèzia*," which means, "The white and the black have made Venice rich." In other words, it was through the pepper and the cotton, brought from the East by the ships of Venice, and by her merchants sent all over Europe, that the city gained a large share of its vast wealth. In the fifteenth century pepper was the article, more than any other, that the Venetians sent to France, Flanders, England, and, above all, to Germany.

People used to make presents of pepper. Even kings and ambassadors gave and received it. When the republic of Venice wished to show special gratitude to the Emperor Henry V., they made him an annual gift of fifty pounds of it. After a victory gained

by the people of Genoa in 1101, each soldier received as part of his pay two pounds of pepper.

In many countries there prevailed a curious system which obliged certain persons to furnish, at stated times, pepper in small quantities, in most cases about one pound. These payments were called "peppercorn rents," and the term has not entirely died out yet. In England the tax on pepper in 1623 was five shillings a pound, and even until the eighteenth century it amounted to two shillings and sixpence per pound.

You can easily imagine what a high price people had to pay for an article so much in demand, and what an enormous amount of it must have been used. I said that they put it even in sweet dishes, and, in fact, the rage for peppered food was so great that it was considered absolutely essential in every sauce. People would not have said then, "I have n't enough salt in my soup" or "on my meat," or "enough sugar in my pudding," but, "There is n't enough pepper."

In medieval days the spice trade formed the base of a large part of the commerce carried on, particularly between the East and Italy, and gave the name to it. There were a few merchants who sold nothing else but cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and such things, including, of course, pepper, and there were, in Paris, men known as *peuvriers*, who dealt exclusively in pepper. Generally, however, a spice merchant enlarged his business to include a great many other things besides what we now call spices, and would sell olive-oil, dried fruits, medicines and perfumeries, paints and pigments, pearls, corals, minerals, metals, soap, and even paper; also, strange to say, he would be expected to keep on hand a stock of furs and skins. But spices were bought and sold in larger quantities than any of the other articles just mentioned, and were of greater importance. In France a grocer is still called an *épicer*,—a spice merchant,—which is, of course, the old name that has never been changed.

You must imagine yourself in the Middle Ages, and think of all the difficulties then connected with carrying on business. When our

merchants want anything, there are swift ships and fast trains everywhere; all countries are open, and we can telegraph from one end of the earth to the other. The products of India and Africa are at our very doors, and we have only to ask to obtain them. But it has not always been so, and we ought to remember the long voyages taken, the weary searching made, the dangers from wild beasts and savage peoples encountered, before we, in our time, could obtain so comfortably and easily what seem to us only ordinary necessities.

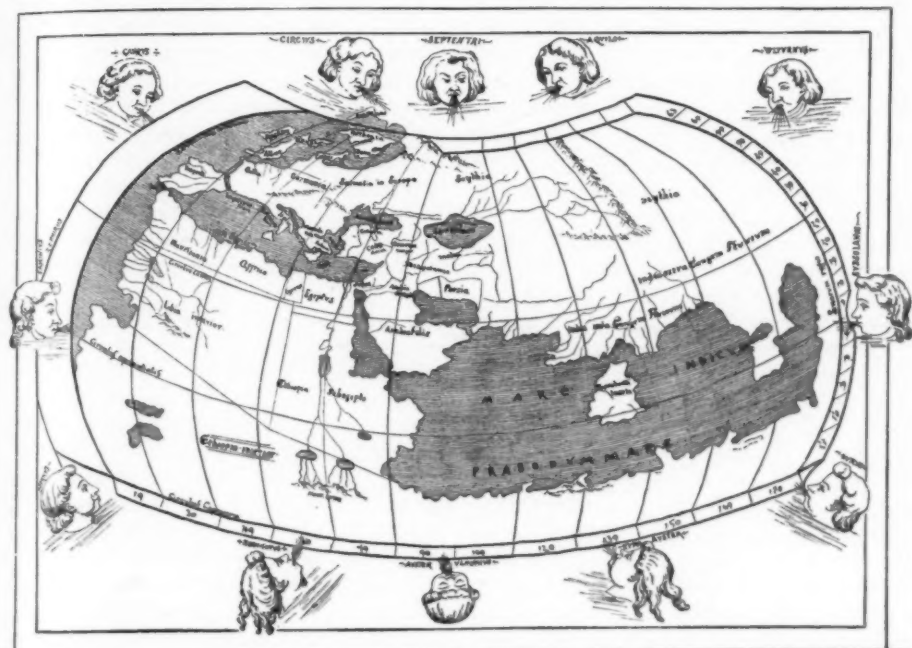
Four and five hundred years ago there was, it is true, a great amount of luxury in France and Italy. People wore beautiful clothing, magnificent jewels, and ate choice food; art flourished, and science made great progress. But at what a cost were even the necessities of living obtained! From the far East to Europe, how long the journey was, and what months were consumed in bringing, over the deserts of Arabia, across the plains and mountains of Persia, under the burning sun of India, or in boats from Syrian and Turkish ports, the things which European civilization required. When we remember the difficulties of the medieval merchants, we can understand one of the principal motives which led so many persons to search for new and shorter routes to the countries where the spices grew, and where the land was rich in products which would bring them wealth. It was the love of adventure and the desire to see new and strange places which started large numbers of the early voyagers, but it was, more than all, for commercial reasons that most of the expeditions were undertaken.

There is no need to tell American boys and girls anything about the men who discovered the different parts of their own country, but it is possible that you will like to hear about one or two of the persons who inspired those discoveries, and especially to know what part pepper had in leading travelers to new and unexplored regions.

In the year 1260 there passed through Constantinople two Venetians, named Maffeo and Niccolò Polo. They were on their way, as a matter of speculation, toward the East, and, by various chances and changes, went

on until they reached Bokhara in Turkestan, where they felt a long way from home, and thought they had made a great journey. But here they fell in with certain envoys on a mis-

There is no time to tell of how they found Kublai Khan at a place called Cambaluc (the old name of Peking), just rebuilt by him, or of his beautiful country-seat at Shangtu, north



EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY MAP OF THE WORLD.

This map is a copy of a very beautiful one made in the early part of the fifteenth century, and now preserved in the famous library of San Lorenzo, at Florence. When you look at it you will see what a small part of the world was known in those days, and what curious ideas people must have had of the relative positions and sizes of different countries. Notice, for instance, the place occupied by India, and see how the land shuts in the Indian Ocean.

You must remember that this and all other maps of the period were drawn largely from imagination and a slight amount of actual knowledge. But they were founded on the measurements and speculations of a famous Egyptian philosopher and geographer, called Ptolemy, who lived in the second century, and who left very extensive writings. Although in the copies of his

works there were no drawings of maps to be found, it is certain that such drawings were made, and he left most accurate directions for future scholars to follow. So, from his time until the discoveries of the great navigators, what was called, from this early geographer, the Ptolemaic system of geography was the best and only system known.

Some of the names on this map may puzzle you, for they are the old ones by which the people of the Middle Ages knew the countries. But you will be able to make out a good many of them. You will see the island of Ceylon called *Taprobane*, the Straits of Gibraltar, *Calpe*; *Gallia* and *Albion*, of course, you will recognize as France and England, since the names are not unknown to-day, and a little study will soon show you how the different countries were supposed to be placed.

sion to Cathay, or China, and bound to the court of the great monarch Kublai Khan. The two brothers were induced to accompany them, and thus became, as far as we know, the first European travelers to reach China.

of the Great Wall. But some day, when you read those lines which Coleridge left unfinished, and which begin,—

At Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree,



you might remember the visit the two Venetians paid the place.

The Chinese monarch was delighted to meet these intelligent men from the distant and civilized West, and when they went home he made them his messengers to the Pope, begging them to return with teachers and missionaries from Europe. After a long time they did reach China again, having visited home in the meanwhile, and although they had not succeeded in having the teachers sent, they brought with them Niccoló's son Marco, then fifteen years old, who became the famous traveler and the first European explorer to write a book about what he had seen. If you have not done so yet, you should read it.\*

When you read his book, you will notice how often he speaks of the spices of the Eastern countries, and how he mentions pepper as one of the most important articles of commerce in those lands. The Chinese, at that time, valued pepper so much that they willingly paid fifteen ducats for a bushel, and Marco Polo says that for one ship which left India with a cargo of pepper to be sent on to Alexandria, a hundred or more went to China.

Marco Polo's book made a great impression on his fellow-countrymen, and the interest already felt in the unexplored East was largely increased by reading his stories. One traveler after another sailed from the different ports of Italy, and made voyages, more or less successful, in various directions. As at this time the principal traffic of Europe came through Venice, the Venetians were the first to interest themselves in expeditions to distant countries. Every year a Venetian squadron passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and stopped at Lisbon on the way to England and Flanders. The sailors told stories of the Eastern countries with which their city carried on commerce, and the Portuguese and Spaniards were the next to catch the exploring fever, and began to make voyages of exploration for themselves. They went down the west coast of Africa, making their own one bit of territory after another, until, as you know, Vasco da Gama sailed quite around the Cape of Good Hope, and showed that path to India.

Prince Henry of Portugal, himself a navigator, was largely responsible for these African discoveries, and he was influenced by Marco Polo's book to attempt his own expeditions and encourage those of others.

Here in Portugal pepper was again of importance, for it is said that the desire to find it by an easy and cheap route, and thus to reduce its price, was one of the reasons why the Portuguese were so anxious to get to India by sea. Its price was certainly lowered after the merchants began to bring it directly from India and Ceylon in ships; and it became a monopoly of the Portuguese crown, continuing so until the eighteenth century. About this time the culture of pepper was extended to the Malay Archipelago, and part of the traffic was turned naturally from Italy to Portugal, as being in more direct communication.

Now let us go back a little, and this time to Florence, one of the greatest commercial cities of the past, particularly during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Her merchants were of the richest in the world, and certain trades and arts flourished there as nowhere else.

Among these merchant families was one called Toscanelli, and they carried on business in "spices" and in the other articles usually coming under that head in those days. They sent in every direction for their goods, and every year visited the old Italian town called Lanciano, where was held the great fair of spices, and where merchants came to buy and sell from all countries of Europe, and even from Asia. Here one would be sure to find many travelers, and to hear many stories of strange lands and little known peoples, and here, no doubt, great impetus was given to research in new directions.

The Toscanelli family were rich, and owned a great deal of property in Florence, and a street in the city still bears their name. There is, too, a fine old villa, not far away, which belonged to them nearly five hundred years ago. But they are remembered especially for one famous representative of their name, and he was a man whom Americans should hold in great regard. Well known and esteemed in his own day, Paolo Dal Pozzo Toscanelli has

\* See "The Story of Marco Polo," in ST. NICHOLAS, from June, 1896, to May, 1897.



almost been forgotten since by the world in general, until comparatively recent times.



ARMS OF THE TOSCANELLI FAMILY.

However, in 1871, at the meeting in Antwerp of the Geographical Congress, all the scholars, historians, and scientists present unanimously agreed in calling him the inspirer of the discovery of America. He died in 1482, ten years before Columbus touched the shores of the New World; but it was by the chart he drew, and according to his plans, that the great Genoese laid his course.

Toscanelli lived out the whole of his long life in Italy, a hard student, a skilful physician, and a remarkable scientist. He was the founder of modern astronomy, and was the first to mention some of the comets best known to later astronomers. His knowledge of mathematics was profound, and his interest in geographical researches intense. There is still, in the Cathedral of Florence, the gnomon, or sun-dial, he made, and it has been considered the most perfect in existence.

On the death of his brother, he took the place almost of a father to his nephews, and, as they carried on the business, he interested himself largely in their success. It was for their sake that, aside from his scientific interest in the voyages of the day, he began to think and plan new routes and ways to the country of the spices. The Turks were interfering with the introduction into Venice, and thus into Italy, of the products of India, and merchants of Florence were beginning to feel the effect of this obstacle to commerce, when Toscanelli declared it possible to reach the East by sailing west. On the chart which he made he traced a line from Lisbon, across the sea to

Quin-sai (Han-chau), on the Chinese coast; and in a letter which he wrote on June 25, 1474, to his friend Christopher Columbus, he explained his ideas and theories regarding the voyage.

At the same time that Toscanelli sent this letter to Columbus (who was then at Lisbon), he also wrote to another person a letter to be given to the King of Portugal. In this letter, among other things, he said:

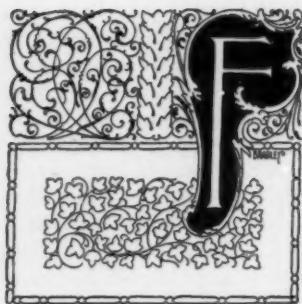
"Many other times I have reasoned concerning the very short route which there is by way of the sea from here to India,—the native land of the spices,—and which I hold to be shorter than that which you take by Guinea. For greater clearness of explanation, I have made a chart such as is used by navigators, on which is traced this route, and I send it to your Majesty. . . . I have depicted everything from Ireland at the north as far south as Guinea, with the islands and countries, and I will show how you may reach the places most productive of all sorts of spices. Also I have shown in this chart many countries in the neighborhood of India, where, if no contrary winds or misadventures arise, you will find islands where all the inhabitants are merchants. Especially is there a most noble port, called Zaitou, where they load and unload every year a hundred great ships with pepper, and there are also other ships, laden with other spices. This place is thickly populated, and there are cities and provinces without number, under the rule of a prince, called the Great Khan, which name means 'King of Kings.' . . . Here you will find not only very great gain and many rich things, but also gold and silver and precious stones, and all sorts of spices in great abundance. . . . From the city of Lisbon you may sail directly to the great and noble city of Quin-sai, where are ten bridges of marble, and the name of the place signifies 'City of Heaven.' Of it are told most marvelous things of its buildings, of its manufactures, and of its revenues. This city lies near the province of Cathay, where the king spends the greater part of his time. . . . You have heard of the island of Antilia, which you call the Seven Cities, and of the most noble island of Cipango, which is rich in gold, pearls, and

precious stones, and the temples and royal palaces are covered with plates of gold. . . . Many other things could be said, but I will not be too long. . . . And so I remain always most ready to serve your Majesty in whatever you may command me."

With such ideas as these in his mind, you know why Columbus thought he was landing in the Orient when he stepped ashore on the island of San Salvador. He had even brought with him a letter and fitting gifts for the Great Khan, or Emperor of Cathay.

To-day pepper grows in many countries besides those of the East, though the best still comes from India, and a great deal of business is carried on in its cultivation, preparation, and exportation. It has become an ordinary thing to us, and we expect it on the table as a matter of course. Perhaps, however, when you remember its old importance, and that the trade in this spice really did help to lead voyagers toward America, you will regard it as something much more interesting than a mere every-day addition to your food.

## HOW PEPPER MADE AN EMPRESS.



FROM 1500 to 1600 the Portuguese had to themselves all the trade with the East. But at the end of this century of supremacy their imports from India, of which pepper

was the most important, were secured by the Dutch. Bruges, Antwerp, and Amsterdam received the spices that the Portuguese had brought from the Orient, and made a fine profit by retailing them to the Europeans.

When the Dutch became the rulers of the waves, they soon began to compete with the Portuguese for the control of the Indian spice-market. But even before they had driven the Portuguese from the trade, they considered themselves strong enough to fix the price of pepper at any figure that suited their convenience. So in 1599 they doubled the price, charging the English six and eight shillings a pound, instead of three.

The merchants of London made up their


minds not to stand this, and they called a meeting, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of forming a company to trade with the East Indies. Thus began the corporation so long known as "John Company,"—the East India Company,—an association of English merchants that, beginning in a small way with certain trading privileges, gradually increased the territory it controlled until it became the most powerful body in India.

You will read, some day, the wonderful feats of arms performed by Clive, Lawrence, Campbell, Outram, Dalhousie, and others as brave; from the battle of Plassey—in which young Clive, with a force of thirty-two *hundred*, defeated fifty *thousand* Bengalese, and established the power of the English in India—to the victories of "Bobs Bahadur," General Lord Roberts, now commanding in South Africa.

In 1858 the authority of the East India Company was transferred to the crown, and in 1877 Queen Victoria was declared Empress of India. And it all began with the attempt of the Dutch merchants to charge the English too much for a pound of pepper.

So remember never to charge too much for pepper, or otherwise you may perhaps lose an empire, as the Dutch did.

*Tudor Jenks.*



# Storm Bound above the Clouds

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON.\*

EXTENDING north from Long's Peak, in Colorado, the Front Range or Continental Divide comprises a chain of stupendous peaks reaching into the clouds, and covered even in summer with great fields of snow and ice. This range, cut up by gorges and chasms thousands of feet in depth, which reach into it from the valleys on both sides, presents views of rugged grandeur excelled by none in the entire Rocky Mountain region. Many have compared them favorably with the world-famed glories of the Alps and Caucasus.

Below "timber-line," which in this region is at about eleven thousand feet elevation, the sides of the mountains are covered with a dense growth of spruce, which gives way in the lower valleys to the yellow-pine and quaking-ash. These grand forests have never been ravaged by fires nor marred by the woodman's ax; and in their gloomy depths the mule-deer, mountain-lion, and cinnamon-bear roam undisturbed by fear of man.

Above timber-line the mountains rise from two to three thousand feet more—in some places gentle slopes covered with huge granite boulders, and in others cliffs and crags rising almost

sheer for hundreds of feet. Here and there are masses of hard packed snow, while in a sheltered spot on the south side of some cliff grow tiny alpine flowers and dwarf grasses—the food of the wary big-horn sheep, which still frequent this range in considerable numbers.

Comparatively few persons have explored these, the grandest of all the Rockies. Distance from railroads and the total absence of the precious metals have left the range uninhabited, the nearest settlers being the scattered ranchmen in Estes Park.

But few tourists have had the hardihood to scale the great peaks of this chain and risk life by exposure to the storms which almost constantly sweep them; though notably one, Mr. Frederick H. Chapin of Hartford, Conn., spent several summers in this region, and has given us his experiences in a charming book.

Great peaks thirteen thousand feet in height have never been scaled, dark chasms and gorges are yet unexplored, and mountains higher than Mount Katahdin piled upon Mount Washington have never been deemed worthy of a name.

It was only a few years ago that the writer and a single companion, Mr. V. L. Kellogg, now an associate professor in the University of Kansas, stood on the summit of Table Mountain, a great elevation about six miles north of Long's Peak. Gazing down into the awful gorge which separates the mountain we were on from Stone's Peak, we marveled at its awful depths and precipitous sides, and resolved some day to explore it together, and to follow to its

\* Reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1891. See note, page 469.

source the turbulent little stream that flowed at the bottom.

The wished-for opportunity came sooner than we had dared to hope, and May, 1890, found us again in Estes Park prepared to attack the Front Range.

The winter of 1889-90 will be long remembered by the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountain region for its great severity and unusual snow-fall. The mild spring sunshine had made little impression on the great drifts which covered the mountains and filled the upper forests; and gazing on them from the valley on a bright May morning, it seemed to us that mountains had never looked grander. Long's Peak, rearing his great cap fourteen thousand three hundred feet in air, was a mass of immaculate glittering white, broken only by the black cliff on the northeast front; the perfect cone of Mount Hallett was as white as the drifting cloud through which it peered; while Stone's Peak, a beautiful mountain thirteen thousand eight hundred feet in height, showed not a speck of brown through its wintry covering.

Despite the arctic surroundings, Kellogg and I determined to explore the great chasm without delay, though the old stage-driver to whom we broached our project shook his head ominously and said:

"Boys, wait until the sun has hammered that snow for six weeks longer; even then it won't be any picnic."

But we were not to be scared out by a little snow. We had roamed over those mountains before, and more than once had been brought face to face with death by exposure or starvation but had always come out with little harm.

We soon procured the obstinate, mouse-colored little mule that had carried our packs on previous occasions; put "on board" blankets, cooking utensils, and three days' provisions, and immediately after dinner set out on an expedition, the recollection of which, as I look back on it, seems more a 'horrible nightmare than a reality.

It is needless to tell the story of the first afternoon's tramp—of the fruitless efforts of "Billy," the burro, to throw off his pack, and his almost human shamming of lameness when the steep ascent began.

Suffice it to say that for six long hours we plodded up the lonely trail and, just before the daylight began to fade, found a suitable camping place among the dense spruces near the entrance to the great chasm which was to be the scene of the next day's trials and sufferings.

The night was passed in a state of mild terror, caused by the presence of a mountain-lion, which prowled about camp for several hours, and was kept at a safe distance only by a blazing fire.

The next morning, at five o'clock, we crawled out of our blankets, and an hour later resumed the journey, leaving Billy to watch the camp and meditate upon the follies of his past life. With no encumbrance but our guns, we made good progress, and soon reached the entrance of the gorge, and for two hours followed up the little rivulet at the bottom. It was a weird, uncanny place. The growth of spruce was so dense that it seemed the damp, mossy ground could never have had a good look at the sunlight.

Here and there we passed little banks of last winter's snow, and soon crossed the base of a great field which we could see extended up the sloping sides of Table Mountain almost to the summit. Of this snow-field more anon.

Onward and upward we pushed, crossing and recrossing the noisy little stream, now and then walking over the crust of a big snow-drift, and occasionally falling in waist-deep when we came to a soft place.

As we ascended, the gorge narrowed to about three hundred yards and the sides became much steeper. The spruce-trees here were dwarfed and gnarled old fellows that had battled bravely for years against the snow and ice of their storm-beaten home, and had not yet given up the struggle. We were now only a short distance below timber-line, and a few hundred feet above us not a green sprig showed above the glittering white of the snow or the somber brown of the granite.

A little higher we followed the bottom of the gorge; but there were now no rocks to walk on, nothing but snow from ten to twenty feet deep—acres and acres of it. The direct rays of the sun, which was now high in the heavens, had softened the crust, and we broke through at nearly every step.

The fatigue of floundering through the snow, together with the rarity of the atmosphere, for we were now eleven thousand feet up, was beginning to tell on our strength. We determined to leave the gorge and push up to the left on the sides of Table Mountain, where we judged, and, as it proved, correctly, that the crust of the snow would be stronger.

A sharp, hard struggle of ten minutes brought us above the stunted growth at timber-line, where we sat down to recover wind and strength, and eat our noon lunch.

Up to this time not a cloud had crossed the sky; but now, as we looked toward Stone's Peak, Kellogg called my attention to a feathery, foamy mass which had rolled up over the range and, dropping almost to a level with us, scudded down the chasm before the rising wind. It was an ominous sign, and we finished our meal in nervous haste. Presently another and larger cloud came boiling over the pass at the head of the chasm, and followed closely in its leader's wake. For only a moment we watched the dark shadows they cast moving over the spruce forest, and rose to our feet just as two more clouds came over into the gorge.

The wind, which had been rising for an hour, moaned and whistled among the crags; and the mutterings of distant thunder could be heard from the west side of the range.

By this time, though little had been said, both realized full well the meaning of this turmoil: we were to be caught among the clouds in a mountain storm.

There was no further thought of exploring the gorge. All our strength and time must now be used in reaching camp.

Should we go down into the gorge and get out the way we had come in, or should we go farther up and avoid the tangle of fallen trees and the treacherous drifts below? Higher up on the mountain the snow was packed harder and would afford better footing; and that way

we started without delay, our object being to work around the north side of the mountain and reach the old trail on the east side. Up and up we scrambled over the snow and rocks.

The wind was now blowing a terrific gale, and above us, below us, and around us, the clouds were being driven before it.

The storm was gathering over the whole range. Mummy Mountain and Hague's Peak,



MT. HALLETT AND  
TABLE MOUNTAIN.



CLIFFS ON MT. HALLETT, FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN.

fifteen miles away, were enveloped in a mass of gray mist; while the thunder boomed and rolled over Estes Park from a black cloud which was deluging the lower valleys with rain. Stone's Peak, looming up through an occasional rift in the clouds, was a sight of awe-inspiring grandeur.

Despite the difficulties of the way and the surrounding storm, we made good progress upward, and in half an hour turned to the left and began working along the side of the mountain.





"I SAW KELLOGG SINK DOWN BEHIND A ROCK WHICH AFFORDED A SLIGHT SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLAST."

Here our trials began in earnest. The storm was upon us in all its fury. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the air was so filled with sleet and fine snow that it was impossible to see more than twenty yards in any direction. There would be an occasional lull in the tumult, when we could take in our surroundings for a moment, but another cloud would envelop us and fill the air with driving torrents of frozen mist.

Hour after hour we struggled on with the nervous, frantic energy born of desperation.

The rocks and snow were covered with ice thin as tissue paper, which caused many a hard fall, and made every step a source of peril. The force of the wind, too, threw us down continually, and we were bruised from head to foot. If we had carried steel-pointed poles instead of guns, they would have been of great service; the latter were now as much hindrance as help, though we were soon to find them useful.

Our hands and faces suffered terribly from the bitter cold, and the former were so numb that we dropped our guns repeatedly. Hair and clothing were matted with ice like a coat of mail. We realized that our progress was very

behind a rock which afforded a slight shelter from the icy blast.

When I reached him he looked up and said, "Old boy, this is the worst box we were ever in. I guess we're at the end of our rope!" Both realized that the situation was desperate, almost hopeless. There was no sign of abatement of the storm, and weakened and enfeebled as we were by the long struggle, if we should not be able to cross the steep snow-field when we reached it, death from exhaustion and exposure would be a matter of only a few hours.

We dreaded to think of that snow-field, remembering how steep it had looked as we gazed upward from the bottom that morning, and knowing the condition it must be in now with the newly formed ice on the surface. However, it was thought best to rest a short time, and I lay down by Kellogg.

After a rest of about fifteen minutes we resumed the struggle, weak as before and much colder; but we had recovered our wind, a hard thing to keep at this altitude.

It was now four o'clock — ten hours since we

slow, as we had not yet reached the great snow-field extending from timber-line to the summit, the base of which we had crossed in ascending the gorge. On and on we staggered, feeling our way over the slippery surface, and becoming weaker every moment from the hard struggle in the rarefied air of the mountain tops.

While stumbling over a mass of ice-covered boulders, I heard an excited exclamation and, looking up, saw Kellogg sink down



left camp, and four since the struggle with the storm began. The battle for life could not last much longer.

Slowly and painfully we pushed forward, crawling on all-fours most of the time. I chewed savagely on a piece of tough grouse, the only remains of our dinner.

Would we ever reach the snow-field? A horrible thought crossed my mind. What if we had lost the direction and were going the wrong way? I did not mention my fears to Kellogg. What was the use?

Every few moments we sank down on our faces to recover our breath. At such times I found my mind wandering and could not think clearly. Kellogg made several remarks without any particular meaning, and his face had a vacant, sullen look. Almost the last ray of hope was gone. There was no complaining, no whining, only a sort of mad desperation which made us resolve to keep moving to the last.

Finally, through a rift in the clouds not fifty yards ahead, we saw the spotless white of the long-looked-for snow-field.

With a feeble shout we pushed forward, but when we reached its edge our worst fears were realized. It was terribly steep, being at an angle of about forty degrees, and the crust was a coating of hard, slippery ice, the thickness of paste-board. Through a break in the clouds we saw that it extended downward to timber-line, fully 1500 feet, as steep as the roof of a house and smoother than the smoothest glass. How broad it was we could only conjecture.

As we came up, Kellogg struck the crust with the butt of his gun, and I threw a rock upon the surface, which went sliding and bounding down the steep face with terrific velocity.

We looked at each other in despair. "It's no use," I said.

"Not a bit," was the answer.

We sat down and talked it over. To retrace our steps was out of the question, and we could not climb to the top of the field, probably a thousand feet, in our weakened condition.

Suddenly Kellogg leaped to his feet and rushed toward the slippery mass, crying out, "Come on, we've got to do it. I'll take mine this way." Without a second thought, in my hopeless desperation I followed. By using his gun as a brace Kellogg kept his feet; but I slipped and fell on all-fours and began sliding down. In a wild frenzy I tried to drive my bare fingers through the crust, but only succeeded in tearing the skin off them.



"LYING ON MY FACE I HELD TIGHTLY ON TO THE RIFLE DRIVEN DEEP THROUGH THE CRUST."

Luckily, I had retained my rifle, and by a frantic effort drove it muzzle first through the hard crust and came to a stop, having gone about twenty feet. Had it not been for this

fortunate move my body would have been hurled to the bottom of the gorge more than a thousand feet below, and mangled beyond all semblance of human form.

Looking up at my companion I saw that he had turned away his head, unwilling to be a witness of my horrible fate; but as I called out to him he looked around, and I saw a face so white and horror-stricken that I can never forget it. Cold beads of sweat stood on my forehead, and I felt that my courage was all gone. The experience of that awful moment almost unnerved me, and I was weak and helpless as a little child.

Lying on my face I held on tightly to the rifle driven deep through the crust. How to regain my footing was a puzzle. Kellogg started to come down to me, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to desist.

At last I hit on a plan. Holding on to the rifle with one hand, with the other I drew my pocket-knife, and, opening it with my teeth, cut two holes in the crust for my feet, and after much effort stood upright. But we were still in a bad fix. Kellogg called out to me to break holes through the crust for my feet with the butt of the gun. Although not more than twenty feet distant he could hardly make himself heard above the roar of the storm.

But the suggestion was a good one and proved our salvation. We moved slowly forward, breaking a hole in the ice for each step. It was severe treatment to give valuable guns, but they had to suffer in the best interests of their owners.

Slowly and carefully we moved forward, occasionally stopping to rest and speak words of encouragement to each other, for now we had the first gleam of hope for five long, terrible hours.

Although very weak physically, our minds were much clearer than an hour before, and we even went so far as to chaff each other a little. But we had plenty of fears yet. Once my heart leaped as Kellogg slipped and came down on both knees, clawing frantically at the air; but he regained his feet without difficulty, and we pushed on. Would we ever get across? Every minute seemed an hour.

Kellogg said that, as nearly as he could cal-

culate, we had been floundering about on that man-trap for a week!

But we kept going; the end must come some time, and sure enough it did; and at six o'clock we stepped on the granite boulders again, having been just one hour and ten minutes on that terrible, inclined snow-field. Neither of us was much given to demonstration, but there was a hearty hand-shake and a few things said which sounded all right up there, but might look a little foolish in print.

The wind had moderated, and the clouds had now settled far below us, while the sun, nearly down, lighted up the surrounding mountains and snow-fields with a sort of a radiant glory. But the grandest picture was in the east: Below us, over the spruce forest, over Willow Park, and far away Estes Park, was a tossing, rolling ocean of foamy clouds, their upper sides glistening in creamy and golden light from the rays of the setting sun. To the right the great mass of Long's Peak and the shattered crags of Lily Mountain towered above the burnished sea.

It was a grand picture — such as only those who have the hardihood to climb the highest mountains can hope to look upon. Any attempt of art to imitate them can be but mere mockery.

But it was not to last long. The clouds drifted off over the foot-hills, and there were none to take their places; and then we saw, far below, the world that we had almost given up forever; and as we stood there it looked to us grander than any picture of sun-burnished clouds and snow-covered peaks. We were glad to have another chance at it. But we were not there yet. After a good rest we started again just as the sun was sinking below the horizon.

Compared with what we had been in before, the walking was good, though a discriminating person would not have preferred it to asphalt pavement.

Just as darkness was setting over the range we reached the head of the trail at timber-line. Here, there was some more hard floundering through snow-drifts and plenty of falling over prostrate tree-trunks. But we soon left behind the last snow-drift and ice-covered boulder, and hurried through the forest down the trail — easy to keep even in the darkness. Once we heard

the long-drawn scream of a mountain-lion, but only slipped cartridges into our guns and kept on. We were in no mood now to be frightened by such small fry as a mountain-lion.

Finally, at nine o'clock, weary, hungry, and bruised, we staggered into the camp that we had left fifteen hours before—a terrible day in which we had more real experience than many people get in a lifetime.

Our great equine freak, Billy, was on the alert, and greeted us with such a series of whinnies that we feared he was trying something new in solos.

We built a fire and prepared supper with the usual accessory of strong coffee, and at eleven o'clock were asleep under wet blankets. But it was a glorious sleep, and when the sunshine

woke us the next morning we felt greatly refreshed, though still very weak and stiff.

After breakfast we repacked the burro, and started for camp in Estes Park. Billy did not need any urging now and showed great enthusiasm in jumping over fallen trees; so much, in fact, that he threw himself down continually.

At eleven o'clock we reached camp, and spent the next few days in resting and eating with commendable energy.

We determined hereafter to heed the advice of the old stage-driver and "let the sun hammer that snow six weeks longer" before we tried any more mountain climbing.

For my own part, I am willing to let him hammer it six centuries longer before repeating that experience.



THE LAST OF THE WINTER'S SNOW.



BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

AGAINST the gray granite background of the subway station in Scollay Square stood a dull bronze statue of a calm-faced man in Elizabethan ruff and Puritan costume. A roll of parchment was in one hand, a Bible in the other.

Uncle Tom halted before the figure, and Bert, as usual, read aloud the inscription:

"JOHN WINTHROP, THE FOUNDER OF BOSTON."

"And Father of New England," added Uncle Tom.

"The Father of New England, was he?" said Jack, critically. "How do you make that out? Where do Bradford and Brewster

and Standish and the rest of the Pilgrims come in?"

"They come in as parts of New England's story, Jack—as founders and makers of New England, if you will," Uncle Tom replied; "but John Winthrop was the man who inspired, inaugurated, and directed the English movement westward that settled New England and is known as the Great Emigration. His energy overcame all obstacles; his faith strengthened the doubters and made brave the timid; his wisdom guided, his patience persisted, his courage gave heart and purpose; and, from the day of the organization (in August, 1628, in the English university town of Cambridge) of the Governor and Com-

panions of the Massachusetts Bay Company, until his death, in 1649, in the American Boston he had founded, John Winthrop, gentleman, as governor, magistrate, and soldier, laid the strong foundations of this noble and famous old Bay State—the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"He has been aptly and justly called the Washington of colonization. One student of his life-work, indeed, declares him worthy to stand beside Washington."

"That 's saying a good deal," Bert decided critically.

"But not so far from the truth, Bert," Uncle Tom responded. "I can't tell you his whole story here; it is not too much to say, however, that John Winthrop made New England possible; and, because New England flourished, other colonies grew. But in all our colonial history no finer character appears than he whose effigy in bronze overtops this very modern subway. He was tolerant when intolerance was the rule; bold of speech when men were wont to curb their tongues; and yet so tactful as to say the right thing always. An organizer and leader of the Great Emigration, he planted a colony that grew into a famous commonwealth, from which sprang other States."

"What was this Great Emigration, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired, as, leaving the Winthrop statue, the party climbed the slope of Pemberton Square and swung around to the shapely Beacon Monument beside the State-house extension.

"It was the departure over the western ocean of thousands of discontented and persecuted English Puritans," Uncle Tom explained.

"Not Pilgrims," Roger hastened to add; for Roger had been schooled in that matter.

"No, not Pilgrims," Uncle Tom echoed, with emphasis. "For, remember, although the Pilgrims were Puritans, the Puritans were not Pilgrims. The Pilgrims were 'separatists,' who were so determined to maintain their own religion without asking leave of the king that they were ready to separate altogether from the Church of England and its rulers, even if they had to become 'pil-

grims and wanderers,' as they did. The Puritans were those who would not conform to certain usages of the English Church, but wished, while remaining in it, to reform or 'purify' it—hence 'Puritans.' But King Charles of England, and his chief religious adviser, Laud, Bishop of London, were honest but obstinate men who simply could not and would not stand either the dissatisfaction of the Pilgrims or the opposition of the Puritans. So they harried the Pilgrims out of England, and made it so uncomfortable for the Puritans that they, too, grew restless under persecution, and many of them declared they would live no longer in England. Winthrop was one of the leaders of these Puritan objectors; having obtained a grant of land in this portion of New England, he headed a general movement of English Puritans across the Atlantic. This drew so many determined men and women from their English homes in 1630 that the flight from persecution was called the Great Emigration. In that year alone Winthrop's fleet of thirteen vessels brought over to this harbor of Boston ten hundred colonists, and during the ten years that followed the thousand swelled to ten thousand. Winthrop's plan and his successful leadership caused almost a stampede among the English Puritans, and the king and his advisers became so alarmed that at last they tried to put a stop to the emigration. That action, and a turn in affairs in England, came (so it is asserted) just in time to prevent the departure of one very great Englishman, whose action, had he carried out that intention, might have changed the history of England, America, and the world."

"Why, who was that?" asked Marian.

"One of my heroes—Oliver Cromwell," her uncle replied.

"Cromwell! Why, did he come to America?" demanded Roger, to whom this episode in history was a surprise.

"I said *if* he had come, Bert," Uncle Tom replied.

"Professor Morley says he did n't even think of coming," commented Bert, who was very much up-to-date.

"I don't think I can quite agree with Morley's statement, however. There are old docu-



ments and records that cannot be ignored, and they certainly show an attempt to come. That he did n't come is history; but the story of his opportunity, and how he missed it, as well as what might have happened had he carried out his plans, is a matter not only for the study of students, but one of interest to all Americans. Indeed, it had a marked influence on the history of America."

"How was that?" queried Bert; and "Do tell us the story!" demanded the others.

So, gathered before the slender shaft that marks the site of Boston's historic beacon on the crest of the hill to which it gave a name, Uncle Tom told his young people the story of Cromwell's opportunity.

"It was in the year 1636," said Uncle Tom, "that a certain Oliver Cromwell, a farmer of the fen-country in England,—a ranchman, or cattle-farmer, we should call him here,—having come into a modest fortune, removed from his grazing-grounds along the sedgy Ouse, and became 'farmer of the cathedral tithes' in the fine old cathedral town of Ely."

"Where Canute King rowed by!" quoted Marian, remembering the poem.

"Farmer of the cathedral tithes!" exclaimed Jack. "Why, I thought Cromwell was the king-pin of the Puritans!"

"First a cattle-farmer and then a tithe-farmer! What was a farmer of tithes?" queried Roger.

"He was simply tax-collector for the cathedral," Uncle Tom explained. "The tenants on church property had to pay tithes, or taxes, to the church, and Cromwell collected them. It was an office that belonged to his uncle, to whose property and business, at Ely, Oliver Cromwell succeeded as heir. He had been a member of Parliament, a justice of the peace, and a sort of civil-service reformer who sided against the authorities in behalf of the poorer farmers of certain fenlands they proposed to drain, and protested against the self-willed and persecuting methods of King Charles."

"Was n't he some relation to the king?" inquired Bert, who had dipped into history a bit.

"A very far-fetched one, if at all," Uncle Tom answered. "His mother was a Steward,

or Stuart, and so was King Charles; but whether there was any real or even distant connection is very doubtful. As a progressive man, Cromwell believed in plainness in religion, objected to the methods of the king and his adviser Laud, took a firm stand against the persecution of the Puritan dissenters, and joined heartily in the famous act of 1641, known as the 'Great Remonstrance.'"

"What was that?" asked Jack.

"It was a solemn protest, passed by the English House of Commons, remonstrating against the wilful and unconstitutional acts of King Charles, and demanding redress or remedies. It was a very important as well as very bold action for those days, and while the issue was still in doubt, Cromwell, who, for a moment, seemed to have despaired of the cause of the people, to which he was now devoted, declared to his friend, Lord Falkland, that if the remonstrance had been rejected he would have sold all he had the next morning, and 'never have seen England more.' To this he added the assurance that there were many other honest men in England of the same resolution."

"That looks almost like running away from the cause, does n't it?" queried Bert.

"There were many that had so run already, Bert," his uncle replied, "beginning with John Winthrop and his fellow-emigrants—to say nothing of the Pilgrims of Plymouth and the Puritans of Virginia. From these people and from his cousin, the famous patriot John Hampden, Cromwell had learned of the promising outlook for the Massachusetts Bay colonists, and the opportunities for religious liberty enjoyed by the people of New England. The zeal for reform and the chance for leadership had not yet come to the afterward resistless general whose army his opponents were to call 'Ironsides.' Indeed, he was not even a soldier at that time. As a farmer and a man of means, as a Puritan and a lover of truth, as an Englishman with an inborn love of liberty, and a believer in the rights of the people, Cromwell was not willing to submit blindly to the tyrannies of a stupidly self-willed king, and he hailed this opportunity for freedom of conscience and



freedom of action offered by the growing colony along the shores of Massachusetts Bay."

"Why did n't he come, then?" demanded Jack. "What a leader he would have been for Massachusetts and America!"

"Upon that query hangs all the story of Cromwell's opportunity, Jack," said Uncle Tom. "For, as yet, Cromwell was neither bigot nor fanatic; he was not even so advanced a reformer as later happenings made him."

"But did n't he try to come?" Bert inquired, who now remembered something he had read.

"Why, certainly, Bert; Uncle Tom said he did," Marian reminded her cousin.

"The story is pretty well proved, although not entirely," Uncle Tom replied. "The date is not fixed, but it has been repeatedly asserted that in the spring of 1637 a notable company of prominent Puritans, including Hampden and Hesilrige and Constable and Oliver Cromwell, really had made all their arrangements to join their friends and brother Puritans in New England; that in the Thames lay a fleet of eight ships on which the emigrants were to cross the Atlantic; and that the king was aroused to action to prevent this wholesale emigration. It was like Charles Stuart to interfere in any affair that seemed, to his narrow and selfish mind, 'disorderly and dangerous,' so an order was hurriedly rushed through his council, restraining 'the disorderly transporting of his Majesty's subjects to the plantations in America without a license from his Majesty's commissioners,' and commanding that 'the Lord Treasurer of England should take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships now in the river of Thames, prepared to go for New England, and should likewise give order for the putting on land all the passengers and provisions therein intended for the voyage.' So, you see, Cromwell could not come to Boston, and you may imagine he did not love King Charles any better for this interference."

"But that was in 1637, you say," announced Bert, who was evidently keeping tally of dates, "and you told us a little while ago that the Great Remonstrance was passed in 1641.

How do you make those dates agree? It seems to me a contradictory statement."

"Is n't Bert right, Uncle Tom?" asked Christine.

"Of course he 's right, my dear," Uncle Tom replied; "but so am I. 'What man has done,' you know, 'man may do again'; and what Cromwell attempted in 1637 he again had in mind in 1641, when it looked as if the Great Remonstrance might not pass. New England was to him a haven of rest that he ever had in mind, until the mighty wave of reform and revolution swept over England in 1642, and bore Oliver Cromwell on its topmost wave—as captain of horse, colonel, lieutenant-general, commander of the forces of the Commonwealth, Lord Protector of England, and one of the greatest of Englishmen in all the long history of Britain."

"What do you suppose would have happened if he had come here, Uncle Tom?" Roger asked thoughtfully.

"Who can say, Roger?" Uncle Tom replied. "I cannot, certainly. He might have remained the simple farmer and country gentleman he had thus far been; for, you know, in 1637 and 1641 he had not yet found his footing as statesman, soldier, and leader. On the other hand, New England was a place for wonderful opportunities, and Cromwell, as a New-Englander and an American, might have joined the colonies in an earlier union, and secured their independence in an earlier revolution. But Massachusetts, as I do not need to remind you, was for years a church-governed State, as Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams and young Sir Harry Vane discovered to their cost, and Quaker and Papist learned through pain and death. Now, Oliver Cromwell was not of that school. He was tolerant, generous, and liberal-minded. He fought for liberty, and not for bigotry. The man who said, 'I had rather that Mohammedanism were permitted among us than that one of God's children should be persecuted,' would scarcely be a welcome companion to Endicott and Dudley and Peters, and other less broad-minded leaders who held the Massachusetts Bay Colony so long in thrall."

"But good Governor Winthrop was n't like that, was he?" Christine inquired.

"He was n't by nature, my dear," Uncle Tom replied; "but, as I told you, Governor John Winthrop was a very tactful man. He knew how to handle things as they were, if he could not make them as they should be. The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had come over the sea to establish here a religious community of their chosen sort. The charter under which they possessed the land permitted them to rid their holdings of all unwelcome or objectionable people who were hostile to the peace of the colony. Any man or woman who openly differed from their accepted religious teachings was, in the eyes of the Puritans of the Bay, both obnoxious and objectionable, and therefore to be got rid of. Governor John Winthrop—leader, guide, and governor as he was—believed in submission to the will of the majority—good American doctrine, you know; so, for the sake of policy and of peace, he said to the people like Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, who not only differed from but disturbed the colony, 'Go! The world is wide; there is no place for you among us.'"

"And they went," said Jack.

"Yes, they left," his uncle answered. "This narrow policy sent many wise and noble men and women into exile, but also into colonization. It was this spirit of religious narrowness that sent Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson into the wilderness, and impelled William Pynchon along the Bay Path. But Long Island and Connecticut and Rhode Island became English-speaking communities because of them, while by Pynchon's going to the Springfield wilderness all western Massachusetts was opened to civilization and development. Baptists were harried, Quakers were persecuted, and all dissenters were silenced or driven away. It was narrow, but it was the Bay Colony's right, and it made those Bay colonists men who dared maintain what they believed to be their right."

"Even to hanging and pressing witches, eh, Uncle Tom?" suggested Jack.

"I expected to hear of the Salem witchcraft before we were through with the Bay Col-

ony," Uncle Tom replied. "But witchcraft was an old, old story long before Salem days. People all over the world believed it. That was a time for a Cromwell to have been in the leadership here; for Cromwell had no patience with such follies. 'The mind is the man,' was one of his sayings. 'If that be kept pure a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do more mischief.'"

"That 's good, straight talk," said Jack, who, for all his mischief-loving, was a very sensible youth.

"Cromwell had an eminently practical mind, as men would have seen had he but been here to take Salem in hand in those senseless witchcraft days," Uncle Tom responded. "It is hard to cleanse the blot from the scutcheon, for man or town or time," he added. "Salem does n't like to think of the witchcraft days, and yet Salem is more widely known throughout the land to-day as the scene of the witchcraft delusion than as the home of Hawthorne or the center of the growing commerce of Massachusetts in colonial times."

"Salem was a busy seaport at one time, was n't it?" Bert queried.

"None more so," his uncle replied. "Its sails were on every ocean, its sailors in far-separated parts. Salem, settled before Boston, became in time its commercial rival, even as it claims to be the first Revolutionary protester; for, at its old North Bridge, in February, 1775, was made what Salem folk stoutly claim as 'the first armed resistance to royal authority.' I move we take a run down to look at the quaint old town."

They all seconded the motion vociferously, as they turned away from the beacon on the hill; so, after finishing the survey of colonial Boston and its beautiful suburbs, they went along the north shore on a hunt for landmarks.

They traced the course of Winthrop's fleet from its anchorage off Baker's Island southward to Boston; they recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus" above the reef of Norman's Woe, and climbed the gruesome Gallows Hill in Hawthorne's haunted Salem; they followed, for a distance, the Bay Path, along which

William Pynchon blazed the way to Springfield and the West, heard again the tragedy of Deerfield, and in the broad main street of venerable Hadley listened to the story of the gray stranger who, "like an angel of the Lord," stayed the tide of Indian assault and saved the town from destruction.

In fact, they "did" the old Bay State so thoroughly, as time and Uncle Tom permitted, that when, once again, they stood upon the fair, broad plaza beside the new State-house in Boston town, they were quite ready to hear Jack declaim Webster's encomium of Massachusetts, while Christine recalled the words that Lowell puts into the mouth of Miles Standish as the ghost of the old Puritan captain stood upon what he called "the mount of prophesying."

"I wonder if it was Beacon Hill?" said Roger.

"Child of our travail and our woe,  
Light in our day of sorrow,  
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow  
The glory of thy morrow.

"I hear great steps that through the shade  
Draw nigher still and nigher,  
And voices call like that which bade  
The prophet come up higher."

"That is indeed prophetic, my dear," said Uncle Tom, nodding his approval as Christine ended. "The glory of the morrow did come—it has come to this old Bay State. Her sons have done much for her and for America. The names of Standish and Winthrop and

young Sir Harry Vane, of Otis and the three Adamses, of Hancock and Revere, of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann, of Phillips and Andrew and Everett and Choate and Sumner, belong not to Massachusetts alone, but to the nation they founded, and to the republic they loved and served."

"Even if Cromwell did n't make the most of his opportunity—eh, Uncle Tom?" said Jack, recalling his uncle's story.

"It was largely because of Oliver Cromwell and the new opportunity he did embrace," responded Uncle Tom, "that Massachusetts and New England assumed the position they did in the growing nation on the western Atlantic shores. For Cromwell was the Protector not only of old England, but of New England, not only of New England, but of America; for, of all the rulers of England, from James I. to the four Georges, Oliver Cromwell was the only one who did the English-speaking American colony any good. He fostered their commerce, protected their interests, let them act for themselves, and maintained the rights and privileges they crossed the seas to enjoy. The Protector of two continents, he yet awaits the praise of both. For in all England, as in all America, no marble or bronze statue yet commemorates the man who so nearly became an American, and who lived and died one of the greatest of Englishmen—a man for all ages to admire, and one for all English-speaking races to honor in proud remembrance."

## A SONG FOR MARCH.

BY ERIC PARKER.

It is the roaring month of March.  
The wild northeaster bends the larch;  
The gray rain beating on the wold  
Has closed the crocus cups of gold.

Adown the dale, adown the dale,  
The thrush pipes sadly to the gale;  
His song is sad, and I would hear  
The anthem of the coming year.

But there will be an April day—  
The thrush will pipe another lay,  
And we will find on greener hills  
White violets and daffodils.

## JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

### CHAPTER X.

A VISIT TO THE BEES' COUNTRY — THE QUEEN OF THE BEES AND HER COURT — SHE SENDS JOSEY HOME IN HER CARRIAGE.

THE elephant, with a big red muffler round his neck, and the little girl sitting upon his head, and the chipmunk on her shoulder, went down the mountains the next day. Then the girl bade the elephant good-by, as he was going back to his own country immediately, in order to make the Sultan release poor Ahmet.



"A LAND FULL OF ROSES AND SUNSHINE."

As for Josey and the chipmunk, they went straight to a land that was all full of roses and sunshine, humming-birds and bees. Of course there were trees and grass and other flowers besides the roses; but it was the Bees' country, and they had more roses than any other flowers. The Humming-birds' country was near by, and they came in on visits to the bees.

It was a beautiful, beautiful place, and as Josey walked along through the

flowers, she pulled roses and violets, and made them into wreaths for herself and the chipmunk.

She went on and on and on till she heard a great humming. It sounded something like singing and something like a mill and something like water falling, and it turned out to be the voices of all the bees that were working in the great hive.

It was on a high green grassy bank, under the shade of tall elm-trees. Millions and millions of bees were there, working away for dear life, while the queen sat above, watching them.

The queen had wings like rainbows, and a crown that was all one jewel, and a scepter the rod of which was clear as crystal, while the tip was just like fire.

Her servants were fanning her with humming-birds' feathers.

### THE WORRIES OF THE QUEEN BEE.

In spite of all the fine things about her, the queen did not look happy. She seemed worried about something.

When she caught sight of Josey she smiled very pleasantly.

"You sweet child!" she said. "Have you come to see me? How glad I am!"

Then she told all the bees to make way for Josey and the chipmunk, and invited them to go right up to the throne.

When they got there Josey looked all about and saw the bees working. They were making the houses, and bringing the materials, and packing the babies in little jars where they would be warm and snug for the winter-time;

and some were flying backward and forward among the flowers, bringing honey and pollen.

"How grand it must be to be a queen!" said Josey.

"You would not like it long," said her Majesty. "There are so many things to worry a person."

"You should join a Don't Worry Club."

"That is what I did. But it has made matters worse. I worry more now over the way to stop worrying than I worried before over all my troubles."

"But what troubles have you?"

"So many that I could not count them. The master builder has promised to have the new hive ready for me on a certain day, and I worry because he may not do it. Then, I worry to think that if the hive is not ready I may catch cold and have to go to bed, and that everything will go wrong in the kingdom. Then, I worry about whether all the children are wrapped up properly for the winter-time, and whether it is going to rain. Then, sometimes I worry very hard, thinking that if the sun were to stop shining the flowers would die, and then we should not get any honey, and then we would all starve. Oh, there are plenty of things to worry about, if one only looks for them!"

"But I should think that you would be happier if you did not worry," said Josey.

"That was the reason I joined the Don't Worry Club," said the queen. "But I learned two or three different ways to stop worrying, and ever since I have been worrying more than ever about which of these ways is the best one."

"I met a grizzly-bear cub who had been in your country," said Josey. "I 'm afraid he had been up to mischief. His mother gave him a good beating when he got home."

"I don't know what his name was," said the queen bee, "but there was a big black ball of hair with teeth and claws here a few days ago, with a brown ball that was even bigger. They tore one of our houses badly and stole a lot of honeycomb. I sent an army of swordsmen after them, and the way they ran and squealed made me quite cheerful. So Mr. Grizzly-bear

Cub got a whipping from his mother? Well, it served him right. Maybe he will stay at home now and leave us alone."

"What do the bees do with combs?" asked Josey. "Do they comb their hair with them?"

"Oh, not with honeycombs! How could they?" asked the queen. "The honey would make their hair all sticky, so that they could not walk."

The queen showed Josey all the beauties and wonders of her kingdom—all her fine palace and her wonderful jewels and her millions of busy people. And she offered Josey and the chipmunk all sorts of honey. There was honey made from roses, and honey made from lilies, and honey made from violets, and from lilac blossoms and mignonette. And Josey tried all these and many others just to see what they were like, and the kind that she thought the very best of all was the honey made from thistles and clover blossoms.

She ate as much as she wanted of that, spread on fine white bread. And when she had finished, the queen asked Josey where she was going.

"I must go home now," she said. "I have been seeing the animals, and I have n't seen nearly all of them, but I can't stay any longer, as my mama told me I must never stay away from home very long."

"Where is your home, my dear?" asked the queen.

"It is the big house in the garden at the foot of the tree," said Josey. "I think I can find my way down easily."

"Oh, indeed, I won't let you," said the queen. "You must go home in my carriage. I will call it for you."

So she called.

"I won't wait for it," said the chipmunk. "I can do better with my own four legs."

So saying, he sat up on his haunches, and kissed his hand first to Josey and then to the queen.

"Good-by!" he shouted, and went off down the tree like a yellow-and-black streak of lightning.

And now the carriage drew up in front of the queen. It was made all of thistledown silk,



and it shone like glass, and was covered with the most beautiful colors, that kept coming and going and changing every moment; and shapes were on it like those on the frosted window-



"GOOD-BY!" HE SHOUTED.

pane. And the queen then kissed Josey, and said: "You must come and see me again, little girl, when you get time. While you were here I quite forgot all my worries."

And so Josey promised, and then the carriage began to go. There were no wheels on it, and it did not jolt along as if on a rough road, but drifted as softly and as silently as a white cloud, down and down and down and down through the sunshine. Josey thought there must be hundreds and thousands of bees flying with that fairylike little carriage and bearing it up.

The carriage landed so softly that Josey did not know it till she was in her own garden, and the carriage was rolling away from her just like a mist going before the rising sun.

She was lying down on the grassy bank under the tree, with never a jolt or a jounce to show that she had come so far.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOSEY MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY WITH THE CHIPMUNK.

ONE bright sunshiny day Josey took Ethel out in the garden for a walk because she looked pale.

She was petting Ethel near the fence, when little Miss Meddlesome came along and looked over. Miss Meddlesome was the chief mischief-maker of those parts, and was so busy minding other people's business that she never had time to mind her own.

"Why, Josey," she said, "that 's a Spanish hat your doll has on!"

"You 're mistaken," said Josey. "It is n't a Spanish hat, and she 's not Spanish."

"Well, the doll is wearing Spanish colors, anyway," said Miss Meddlesome, as she hopped away, singing.

Josey was too much hurt to answer at all. She felt like crying.

That any one should say that Ethel wore Spanish colors was too much — Ethel, who was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and so patriotic, who never spoke to her elders unless they spoke to her, and who always remembered the saying that children should be seen and not heard. It was dreadful that she should be so misunderstood.

For a whole minute Josey felt much hurt about this, but no sooner had she taken her seat under the big tree than she forgot it for the moment.

She was very affectionate to the doll, however, and wrapped the cloak about Ethel's throat, being afraid of the damp. While she was taking such good care of the doll, she heard a voice that said:

"Pur-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r! Tut-tut-tut-tut! Urrrta-urrta-urrta-urrta-urrta!"

She looked up, and there, on the ground in front of her, with his graceful tail waving over him like a banner, his little pointed ears erect, his fine eyes glistening like beads in sunshine, was Mr. Chipmunk, looking, oh, so brisk and cheerful!

He looked at her with one eye, twisted his head in a twinkling and looked at her with the other eye, sat up and curled his whiskers, laughed in the sauciest way, and then called again:

"Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Urrrta-urrta-urrta-urrta! Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!"

Josey burst out laughing, and actually dropped Ethel for a moment.

"Oh, you little dear!" she said, and stretched out both hands.

The chipmunk flirted himself from side to side with quick, graceful snaps, and then, with another snap, suddenly flirted himself to his old place on the little girl's shoulder.

"Well, how are we to-day?" he asked.

"I 'm well, but Ethel is looking pale," said Josey.

"Were n't you crying just now?"

"No, not exactly. Ethel was crying, or going to cry. Miss Meddlesome came and looked over the fence, and said that Ethel wore Spanish colors because she had red and yellow on her hat—as if that was anything!"

"As if it was! They might as well say that I 'm Spanish! I wear red and yellow, and I 'm no Spaniard. I 'm a true-blooded American. Can't you see my stripes?"

"Why, of course."

"Well. I believe that it was from me that they got the idea of the stripes in the flag."

Josey picked Ethel up and kissed her. "Of course you 're not Spanish," she said. "I know

she did n't cry that time she won't cry now when we leave her."

"When we leave her?" asked Josey, somewhat puzzled. "Why should we leave her? I don't understand."

"Yes. We can't bring her where we 're going."

"Why, where are we going?"

"To Topsy Turvy Town and all the other countries."

"Oh!" said Josey, getting up and dancing about with delight. "Tell me about it! Tell me about it!"

"I 'll sing about it; that 's the only way. I have to sing and dance when I tell it. So you must keep very quiet and pay attention to the words and tune."

With one spring the chipmunk left the little



JOSEY VISITS THE QUEEN OF THE BEE COUNTRY.

that you 're American. You 're the best little girl in the whole world. You went all the way to the fair and back, and never cried once. You are a real comfort to your mother—that 's what *you* are!"

"That 's good," said the chipmunk. "If

he sang this song: girl's shoulder and landed on top of a stump, and there, standing on his hind feet, he began to dance and wave his paws and his tail, and wag his ears and wink, till Josey nearly went into fits laughing at him. After a few moments,

## TOPSY TURVY TOWN.

In Topsy Turvy Town  
They walk upon their heads, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town  
They go downstairs to bed, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town  
They shiver in the heat, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town,  
Candies are not sweet, sir!



Cows are floating in the breeze,  
Elephants singing in the trees,  
Dinners cooking till they freeze,  
In Topsy Turvy Town, sir!

In Topsy Turvy Town  
The ships run on the land, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town  
The water 's made of sand, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town  
The children cry for school, sir;  
In Topsy Turvy Town  
They never break a rule, sir!



Pigs are walking in the sky,  
Birds are grunting in the sty,  
Children hate the sight of pie,  
All in Topsy Turvy Town, sir!



Down jumped the chipmunk from the stump when he had finished his song.

"Hurry," he cried, "Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry! We'll be late for the train!"

He tore about as if he was out of his senses—up to the top of the little girl's head, and down to the ground, and up on the stump, and down to the ground again, and then round and round and round in a circle.

"Why can't we take Ethel?" Josey asked.

"Because we are going ever so far and ever so fast, and babies are a nuisance."

"Oh, you should n't say that. You were a baby yourself one time."

"Yes; but I was as big a nuisance as the others then, so what they did I did n't mind. I do now, though, and I don't want any squalling babies along when I'm traveling."

"Very well, then!" said the little girl.

She set Ethel upon the ground with her back against the big tree, and wrapped her up well with the shawl. She spread a book on her lap and put some toys where she could reach them. Then she left her.

The chipmunk got up on her shoulder with one bound, and away they started up the ladder.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" said the chipmunk. "We'll be late for the train! We'll be late for the train!"

But Josey only walked a little way up the ladder and then stopped. "If we leave her there she may cry," she said, "or something might get her."

"Oh, dear," said the chipmunk, "we'll be awfully late! Come on! She does n't look a bit like crying. See, she's smiling; she wants us to go away so that she can think."

"She's smiling because she's so good," said Josey. "She does n't want to worry her mother. But I would n't go away and leave you, dear—no, not for the whole world!"

Josey went down the ladder again and took Ethel in her arms.

"Poor itty sing," she said. "Oor own muzzer would n't leave oo!"

The chipmunk climbed up on the stump and pouted. "Oh, don't talk like that," he said. "It makes me tired, really. It does sound so foolish!"

"Well, don't be cross," said Josey, "and I will give you something nice."

She gave him a little gum-drop. When he

bit it, it stuck his jaws together, and he had to shake his head very hard to get them open again. But he liked it, just the same, and when it was eaten he patted his waistcoat and said:

"Oh," said the chipmunk, "if she's useful, of course I don't mind taking her. But hurry! Come on or we'll all be late."

So they set off up the ladder again, and went



THE CHIPMUNK SINGS THE SONG OF TOPSY TURVY TOWN

"Ah, that makes me feel like a new man — by Jove, it does! It's the real thing!"

"Oh, you must n't say such things!" said Josey. "Mama says that no gentleman ever ought to use slang."

"Well, it was fine, anyway, and I hope you have some more. If we're going to carry that child all the way we'll need something to make us feel strong," remarked the chipmunk.

"Gum-drops don't make people strong," said Josey; "and you won't have to carry the child at all. She's very good, and I feel sure she won't mind carrying you part of the way."

up and up and up till they came to the place where the little train was waiting.

The chipmunk would insist on riding on top of the engine, and they had to put him off three times before they could make a start. At last they all got settled, and Josey paid the fare in gum-drops, and the engine toot-tooted, and then they flew along faster than the birds, and Josey let Ethel look out of the window to see all the country; and she never cried once, but kept smiling all the time.

And they went ever and ever so far, and then found they were in the frogs' country.

(To be continued.)



## THE BOYHOOD OF "THE CONQUEROR."

BY ADELE E. ORPEN.



WILLIAM, afterward called "the Conqueror," did not begin life at the battle of Hastings, though most of us know little of him before that great victory. In the years preceding the battle there was much that was notable in his career. Indeed, his whole life was stirring and full of incident.

The future conqueror of England was born at Falaise, Normandy, in 1027, about the middle of the summer-time; and he always loved Falaise with singular affection. Amid his greatest dangers, when surrounded by treacherous friends and relentless foes, his eyes turned instinctively toward Falaise as to a harbor of refuge. It is a charming place. There is the battered old castle still on the crest of the rock; there is the deep valley creeping around its base; and, above all, there is the little stream where women wash clothes, just as they used to do in the brave days of old.

The Castle of Falaise is one of the most picturesque ruins in all France. It consists mainly of an immense square keep, or stronghold, and high, round tower, with walls running around the whole. King Henry IV. battered at the walls and the tower and the keep during the Huguenot wars. Indeed, the breach in the wall, where the Béarnais troops clambered up to the assault, may still be seen. It is very steep, and a frightful place to climb. A dozen valiant men might have held the bastion against almost any number of foes; but the besieged left the spot unguarded, and paid no attention to that hole, thinking the deep marshes at the foot of the tower would prevent attack.

But the frost came and froze the marshes; the garrison forgot what a good roadway ice

could make; the besiegers crossed over, crept up, surprised the place, and took it.

After visiting the breach made by the troops of Henry IV., one is taken to the Talbot Tower. This superb structure one hundred and ten feet high, crowned by a diadem of *créneaux*, is rightly considered the finest tower in France. It is not the work of a Frenchman, however, but was built by the great Talbot of England, and is one of the remains of the short-lived empire of Henry V.

Yet, you say, all these things, though interesting and historical, have nothing to do with William the Conqueror. No, they have not; neither has the keep. The fact is, the Castle of Falaise, as we see it to-day, has nothing to do with William, for the reason that it was not built until the reign of his son Henry. It is true, however, there was formerly a castle on that very spot, and no doubt the foundations are those of the older building. The old guide does not tell one this. He believes that William was born in the present castle; and since he knows that travelers like to see the places where famous people were born, he leads one up a little stairway, and around the inside of the mighty keep, and whenever he comes to a window he shows how thick the wall is,—fifteen feet,—and finally he brings one to a little chamber built in the thickness of the wall. Then he strikes an attitude, and says: "Behold, my lords and ladies, where William the Conqueror was born!" One looks at the alcove, and reads, doubtfully, the lofty words inscribed on the wall which set forth how the mighty Conqueror first saw the light in that tiny room.

William's mother's name was Arlette, and she was a washerwoman—at least, she was washing clothes when Prince Robert first saw her. There is a little washing-fountain at Falaise, now, which goes by the name of the





BRONZE STATUE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR IN THE SQUARE OF FALAISE, NORMANDY, HIS NATIVE TOWN.

fountain of Arlette; and people wash there just as William's mother used to wash. They put the clothes down on a board or stone, near the edge of the fountain, and whack them with a wooden paddle until they imagine that the dirt must be beaten out; then they souse the clothes in the water, and lay them upon a stone to dry in the sun. This process is all very simple, as there is neither soap nor warm water; and it is very likely that Arlette was beating her clothes clean in this fashion when the young prince saw

name was Fulbert. There are tanneries on the same spot now, and the smells of the place are probably as terrific as in more ancient times.

William's father, who was eighteen at the time his renowned son was born, was the younger brother of the Duke of Normandy. At this time he was only Count of Hiesmois, a long-



vanished county of which Falaise was the capital. Like most of the Norman dukes, he was tall and long-legged, characteristics which William inherited to a marked degree.

Arlette was a very pretty girl. "Her colour was more beautiful than bloom of rose or May flower: shapely was her nose, her mouth, her chin. None had more engaging manners." So says Robert Wace, who wrote during the lifetime of her famous grandson. The first time she visited the castle she dressed herself with great care—put on a fresh white gown, and over that a pelisse laced at the throat, and then

"HA, HA!" HE CRIED, WITH MAD GLEE, "YOU'RE LATE, MY SIRS; YOU'RE LATE. THE DUKE IS GONE!"

her, fell in love with her, and very soon afterward determined to ask her to be his princess.

She was a tanner's daughter, and her father's

a short mantle which well became her. Her hair was caught up in a net of fine silver. In fact she was so grand that the old chronicler cries out in admiration: "I know not if ever any one so beautiful was born." She was proud, too, this tanner's daughter, and would not come into the castle by the postern door, but bade the prince's servants open wide the great gate, so that she might ride in on her palfrey in all dignity, as befitted the chosen one of Count Robert.

Arllette dreamed a dream which turned out so very true that one suspects the dream was invented to fit the event—as often happens. However this may be, poets and chroniclers alike tell how one night she awoke sore frightened, and on being asked what was the matter, said she had dreamed that she saw a great tree, and that it grew and grew until it overshadowed all Normandy, and the sea, and the broad English land. Of course this meant her son William, who from the very outset was a most vigorous baby. His first exploit was to grasp a wisp of straw with such force that the goodwives round about instantly predicted how he would hold all he got. The same superstition exists to-day, and nurses often foretell a baby's character from the way it holds its hands. If it sleeps with its hands open it will be of a careless, generous nature; if, on the contrary, the child keeps its hands tightly closed, it will in after years look well to its belongings. If there had been any truth in the common superstition, it was to be expected that William would grasp all within his reach and keep fast hold of it!

The count was greatly delighted with his little son. He took the child to the Church of the Holy Trinity, just outside the castle gate, and there had him baptized with much ceremony. The church stands in a square which now bears the name of that famous baby, and in the center of the square stands a statue showing him grown to man's estate, and seated upon a charger who rears aloft with all the fire and movement that art can put into bronze. This statue of William the Conqueror is one of the finest works of modern French art, and represents the hero at the moment when the battle of Hastings seemed lost, and he turns back to

look at his fleeing followers, while fiercely waving his standard in the direction of the foe.

Robert named his boy after his own famous ancestor, William, called "Longsword," and treated the mother "as if she had indeed been the daughter of the king of France."

When he was two years old, his father became Duke of Normandy by reason of the death of an elder brother, Richard; and when William was just seven, his father went on that long pilgrimage to Jerusalem, whence he was never to return.

Before he started, however, the Duke went to Rouen, where he assembled his barons; and when they all were seated in the great hall of the palace, he had his little boy brought in, and then begged the barons to swear fealty to the child. They seem to have been somewhat taken aback at first; however, they ended by swearing to make his son William duke over Normandy, in case his father should never come back. Having, as he imagined, thus made everything safe at home, the Duke set off to Jerusalem.

But he was scarce out of Normandy before the whole duchy fell into confusion. Each baron seemed to think himself independent, and claimed the right to act as he pleased. And of course the child duke could do absolutely nothing to check the disorder. His friends had their hands full in keeping him alive and safe. His mother had married and was now the mother of another son, destined to become famous as Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; but William had a hard time of it. First one governor was murdered, and then another, then his uncle, then his seneschal—almost every one about him who was of consequence. The lad was at one time hidden away among the mean cottages of Falaise, because the castle, thick as its walls might be, was not strong enough to shield him from the enemies who broke into his lodging at night and stabbed his preceptor as he lay asleep beside the little duke.

And so the stormy years of his childhood passed, and William grew in size and strength until he became one of the tallest and strongest men of his time. He was a fearless rider, and could shoot well with the bow. This was a newly introduced weapon, and Norman nobles

were very fond of practising with it. William himself became a famous bowman, and nothing delighted him more than a shooting-match where he could show his skill, with his friends to compete with him.

One of these shooting-matches nearly cost him his life. He was about twenty years old when, in early summer of the year 1047, he went, with a large train of friends and attendants, to shoot at Valognes. In those days there were great forests covering the hills and valleys around Valognes, and as these forests were full of game, the young duke and his friends expected to enjoy themselves. They formed so large a party that they had to separate and lodge where they could in the town. This left the duke with only a few servants in the castle. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking, and the shouting of some one mounting the stairs to his chamber. He listened, and recognized the voice of Gallet, a strolling buffoon, whom he knew very well, and to whom he had frequently given little trifles.

"Fly! fly!" shouted the buffoon. "William, thou art lost! Fly, sweet friend! Thy murderers are coming! I saw them. Fly, or thou wilt be taken!"

William had been through too many dangers, and had had too many narrow escapes, to neglect such a warning. He believed that Gallet, though but a fool, spoke the truth. He sprang from his bed, and in his night-dress, with only a short cloak flung upon his shoulders, dashed downstairs and into the courtyard. Perhaps he heard the sound of armed men approaching; perhaps he needed to hear nothing more in order to realize his danger; at all events, he seized the first horse he could find, leaped upon it bareback, and rode for his life.

Not a moment too soon. He had scarce galloped out of the courtyard before several armed men rode hurriedly into it. Gallet met them at the entrance. He had seen them a short time before from his hay-loft at the inn, when they were preparing for their murderous errand, and whence he had run to warn his "sweet friend" William. He knew them and their purpose. "Ha, ha!" he cried, with mad glee, "you're late, my sirs; you're late. The duke is gone!

William is off! Your stroke has missed! But hark ye; bide a bit. He will pay you! You made him pass a bad night—he will make you see an ill day." And then he capered derisively about them.

And what of the duke? He was riding furiously eastward, heading for the wide ford where the river Vire meets the sea in a great three-mile stretch of sand, nearly bare at low water. The young man plunged into the water at Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, and owing to the clear moonlight, crossed over in safety to Saint Clément's Church on the opposite side near Isigny. It was a dangerous place to cross alone at night, but he was in a sore strait, and he had no choice.

The tide was rising fast, and as William came dripping out of the sea he knew that he had won the first round in the game. There was no other ford across the Vire, and until the tide fell again no one could follow him. He entered the church and fell upon his knees, and offered up a prayer of thanks for his safety. The little Church of St. Clément, mostly rebuilt, stands to-day in the same place, at the eastern side of the ford, which, in memory of that night, and the man who rode across, goes by the name of Vé-le-Duc (the Duke's Way). But people do not any longer cross by that long ford, for there are bridges farther inland, which, had they existed in William's time, would have inevitably cost him his life.

Whither was William riding? To Falaise. And he got there, too, in safety, after covering one hundred and twenty miles. But he did not go all the way alone and friendless. At Rye he found a true friend who not only gave him a fresh horse but lent him four young sons as escort. Hubert de Rye had no reason to regret this act of kindness toward his fugitive sovereign. Many years afterward, when king of England, William showed that he remembered this timely help by heaping wealth and honors on those four boys who rode with him into Falaise on the day of the disastrous shooting-match of Valognes.

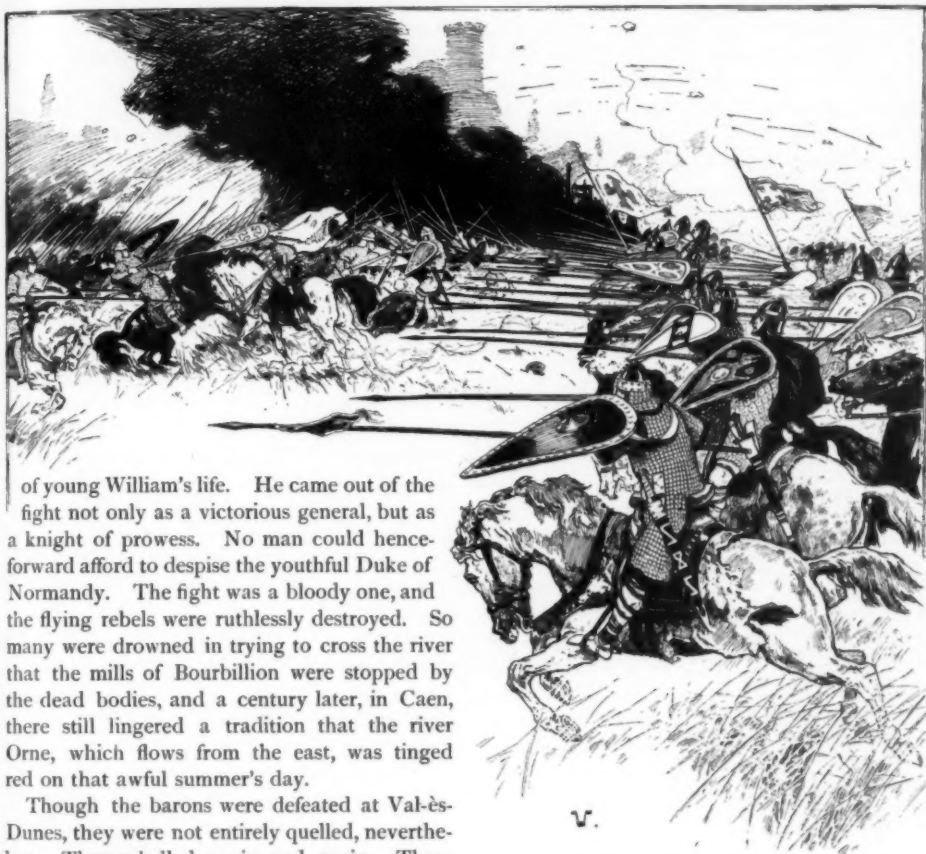
But the men who had intended to kill the young duke did not rest quiet when they found their intended victim had slipped through their fingers. They collected a great army, and

attempted to destroy him in open battle. William met them on the bleak plains east of Caen, and soon showed them he was a valiant soldier as well as a swift-footed fugitive.

The battle named Val-ès-Dunes, which was fought on August 10, 1047, is the turning-point

ous profession for the good bishop, but at Hastings he laid about him with a heavy club, killing every one he struck! He had refused to wield a sword, because he was a churchman and a man of peace.

William resented furiously any allusion to or



of young William's life. He came out of the fight not only as a victorious general, but as a knight of prowess. No man could henceforward afford to despise the youthful Duke of Normandy. The fight was a bloody one, and the flying rebels were ruthlessly destroyed. So many were drowned in trying to cross the river that the mills of Bourbillion were stopped by the dead bodies, and a century later, in Caen, there still lingered a tradition that the river Orne, which flows from the east, was tinged red on that awful summer's day.

Though the barons were defeated at Val-ès-Dunes, they were not entirely quelled, nevertheless. They rebelled again and again. There was a William at Arques who stood a long siege and was subdued only by hunger, and one, Guy of Brionne, held out for three years. Both these men were powerful nobles, and relatives of William, but he conquered both. It is curious to see how stern and unrelenting William always showed himself toward his kindred on his father's side, while he was the most loving and generous of lords to every one related to his mother. He made his half-brother Odo Bishop of Bayeux. It was rather an incongru-

CHARGE OF DUKE WILLIAM'S KNIGHTS AT VAL-ÈS-DUNES.

slur upon the unsavory trade of his grandfather. He could not bear to be called a tanner. The most wantonly cruel action of his life may be directly traced to this feeling. When besieging Alençon, the inhabitants exercised their wit at his expense by hanging cowhides along the outside of their walls, and shouting: "Hides for the tanner!" William fell into a violent rage. He solemnly vowed that he would cause all who fell into his power to repent of their mirth.



Soon afterward he captured thirty-two prisoners, and treated them with the greatest cruelty. Alençon belonged to that old William Taloas who had prophesied about William when that great conqueror was yet a baby; and in after years the old man's prophecy was amply fulfilled, for the house of Taloas was indeed brought to ruin and to shame by the hand of William of Normandy.

When about twenty-five years old, William married Matilda of Flanders, who was always a faithful and most loving wife to him. She is popularly supposed to have busied her-

self in elaborate worsted-work while her lord was away at the English Conquest. But that quaint and intensely interesting production known as the Bayeux tapestry, by far the most authentic piece of contemporary Norman history which has come down to us, was not stitched by Matilda and her maidens. It deals exclusively with the later drama of William's life, the conquest of England, for which his long and stormy boyhood had prepared him by making him, in the words of the Saxon chronicler, "eke so stark a man and wroth that no man durst do anything against his will."

## OLD EGYPT AND ITS NEWEST WONDER.

BY JENNIE DAY HAINES.



was one of the most noted places of ancient times, and she was only one of the great Egyptian cities. The Pyramids stand today, and will stand for ages, as lasting monuments of the gigantic labor and wonderful skill of the ancient Egyptians.

The Sphinx still faces the desert, as when, according to the story, she is supposed to have asked her famous riddle, "What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three in the evening?" Many generations of men (for "Man," who creeps, walks,

**I**N almost everything Egypt was foremost among the ancient nations of the world.

Old Thebes, with her one hundred gates, from each of which it is said that she could send out, at one time, two hundred chariots and ten thousand fully armed warriors,

and then uses a staff, is the answer to the riddle) have walked to and fro on the face of the earth, and come and gone; but the Sphinx of the Egyptian desert still remains.

The Egyptian custom of preserving their dead is one of the most remarkable things in the history of the world, as you know from your books, and from the mummies in museums.

It is said, too, that geometry began with the Egyptians, and their system of hieroglyphic writing puzzled the learned men of all nations for ages, as St. NICHOLAS has already told you.

The oldest known canal in the world was built by Joseph (the son of Jacob and brother of Benjamin) at Pharaoh's command, and for four thousand years it has never ceased to fulfil its purpose of watering an entire province, and it has thus enabled that territory to support a large population through all these centuries.

In fact, the whole country of Lower Egypt has long been crossed and recrossed by canals, through which the yearly overflow has watered the Nile country; and the artificial Lake Moëris was dug deep, that it might draw off any excess of the river's flood.

So it seems fitting that now, during the closing years of this nineteenth century, old

Egypt should undertake a wonderful feat of modern engineering. Although about seven times the size of the whole of New England, the "practical" part of Egypt, the strip of land along the Nile, is only as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island, containing about ten thousand five hundred square miles of soil that can be cultivated.

Sixteen years ago the English took charge of Egypt, and the country has steadily grown in prosperity since that time. And at last, after a good deal of opposition, the English engineers have induced the government of Egypt to build a great dam across the Nile at Assuan, which will send back into Nubia a body of water one hundred and forty miles long, and create in the heart of the African desert a lake about three times as large as Lake Geneva in Switzerland. The water of the historic Nile is to be so controlled that its flood can be turned into distant channels at will — a marvelous undertaking, indeed! "Harnessing the Nile," Mr. Penfield, formerly United States consul-general in Egypt, calls this achievement in a recent number of "The Century."

The British contractors, with a large number of native workmen, are already at work, and hope to complete the great dam in 1903. It is

to be built of the same granite as the obelisk which now stands in Central Park, and the first order was for three millions of barrels of cement. Its height is to be seventy-six feet, its length one and one half miles, and the top, thirty to forty feet wide, will be used as a bridge.

During flood-time the river will have to run unimpeded through the dam for several months of the year; but when the flood subsides, and there is a surplus of water over what is necessary, it will be held for use during the parched summer months; for, as you know, Egypt is an almost rainless land. So the structure will be divided into many strong piers, with openings that can be closed at will by gates. The estimated cost of the entire work is twenty-four million dollars, to be paid at the rate of eight hundred thousand dollars a year for thirty years.

The agriculture and crops of Egypt depend on the overflow of the Nile, and the great dam from which water will be drawn with regularity for Middle Egypt and the Delta will add, it is thought, about one hundred million dollars to the value of the country, as two or three more crops may be raised every year.

If successful in its object, the great dam at Assuan which is to harness the Nile will be one of the modern wonders of the world.

## MARCH DAYS.

THE sun shone warm and the south wind blew  
Till ice and snow were gone;

The streamlets, loosed from winter's thrall,  
Went gaily babbling on.

The bluebird sang in the city park,

In joy of a nest begun,

And the goldfish wriggled their little tails

And darted up at the sun.

The squirrel chattered, and leaped, and frisked

All over the leafless boughs,

And out of his door the nut-shells whisked

By way of cleaning house.

The peach-tree, eager and bold, with pride

Hurried her blossoms out,

And a frisky frog, up from the bog,

Piped loud, as he looked about.

Then the Winter King with a sudden bound

Came back from the North, and whirled

Thick clouds of snowflakes all around,

Enshrouding the goldfish world.

Every bush and bough he loaded with snow,

Heaped full the unfinished nest,

While the bluebird hid in the squirrel's home,

A silent but welcome guest.

He ate of the crumbs his friend let fall,

And they tasted sweet and good;

While the frog, asleep in the muddy deep,

Cared neither for warmth nor food.

But woe for the peach-tree's eager haste,

And woe for her blossoms fair,

When they felt the touch of the biting frost

And the chill of the wintry air!

Mary A. Gillette.



W.H.H.

# BOOKS AND READING



## THE LIST OF ONE HUNDRED BOOKS.

OUR readers will remember that shortly after the book-list competition in the July number, the editors promised to suggest, by the aid of the competing lists, a library of one hundred chosen books for children's permanent reading. Owing to the extra work required by the holiday numbers, the publication of this list has been several times postponed. The first draft has now been completed, and a list from which to choose the names of the one hundred books is given below.

It must be remembered, in considering the books thus recommended, that the editors have been bound by the same restrictions announced in the conditions of the prize competition—that is, they have excluded books that are chiefly religious, books that are meant mainly for reference, and those that are educational rather than literary; in other words, the intention is to put upon this list standard books which children will read as literature rather than for information.

There has been some hesitation in including one or two of the titles given in the list. For example, certain of our correspondents, in making their lists, had spoken doubtfully on the question of naming "Pilgrim's Progress," because it is a work decidedly for religious instruction. Nevertheless, the position occupied by the immortal allegory as an example of simple, good English, and of strong, dramatic

narration, makes good its claim to inclusion in a child's library.

There are, of course, a number of selections of verse and prose which any child might be glad to possess and to read, but, owing to the difficulty of selecting among the many offered, it has been judged wisest to select few of these and to confine this list mainly to books of original work rather than to compilations.

It is not to be hoped that this preliminary list of one hundred books will prove satisfactory to all of our readers and their friends. The object of the editors in its preparation will be attained if they have succeeded in including most of the works which should form the nucleus of a permanent library for children. It is hoped that the publication of the list will call forth whatever criticism or comment will serve to complete it, revise it, and render it more useful. Correspondence for this purpose will be welcomed.

Of course, in many cases there is a choice in editions, and the age of the child for whom the work is intended will so largely influence the selection that it is impossible to indicate here which one is best for a particular reader. Therefore, as in the case of the plays of Shakspeare, it has been deemed sufficient to indicate that the parent or teacher who selects the book should procure an edition properly edited, and in other respects appropriate for the young reader.

## BEST BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK.

### I. STANDARD BOOKS.

1. Æsop, Fables.\*
2. Andersen, Fairy Tales.
3. Brown, Marjorie Fleming; Rab and his Friends.
4. Browning, Poems: Pied Piper of Hamelin; Ride from Ghent to Aix; Hervé Riel.\*
5. Bulwer, Last Days of Pompeii.
6. Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress.\*
7. "Carroll," Alice in Wonderland; Through the Looking-Glass.
8. Cervantes, Don Quixote.\*
9. Cooper, The Spy; The Pilot; Leatherstocking Tales.
10. Cottin, Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.
11. Dana, Two Years before the Mast.
12. Defoe, Robinson Crusoe.

\* See notes at the end of the list.

13. Dickens, Christmas Stories; Old Curiosity Shop; Child's History of England.
  14. Edgeworth, The Parent's Assistant.
  15. Fouqué, Undine.\*
  16. Gaskell, Cranford.
  17. Hale, The Man without a Country; Ten Times One is Ten.
  18. Hawthorne, Wonder Book; Tanglewood Tales; Grandfather's Chair; The Snow Image.
  19. Hughes, Tom Brown at Rugby; Tom Brown at Oxford.
  20. Irving, Alhambra; Sketch-Book; Bracebridge Hall.
  21. Kingsley, Water Babies; Greek Heroes; Westward Ho! Madam How and Lady Why.
  22. Laboulaye, Fairy Tales.
  23. La Fontaine's Fables.
  24. Longfellow, Poems.\*
  25. Lowell, Poems.\*
  26. Macaulay, Lays of Ancient Rome.
  27. Macdonald, At the Back of the North Wind.
  28. Plutarch, Lives.\*
  29. Polo (Marco), Voyages and Travels.\*
  30. Porter (Jane), Scottish Chiefs.
  31. Raspe, Baron Munchausen.\*
  32. Ruskin, Sesame and Lilies; King of the Golden River; Ethics of the Dust.
  33. Saint-Pierre, Paul and Virginia.\*
  34. Scott, Poems; Ivanhoe; The Talisman; Quentin Durward; The Abbot.
  35. Shakspeare, Plays; Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare.\*
  36. Spenser, Poems; or Story of the Red Cross Knight.\*
  37. Swift, Gulliver's Travels.\*
  38. Tennyson, Poems.\*
  39. Thackeray, The Rose and the Ring.
  40. Wyss, Swiss Family Robinson.
  41. Yonge, Book of Golden Deeds; Heir of Redclyffe; Dove in the Eagle's Nest; The Daisy Chain.
- COLLECTED POEMS AND STORIES.
42. Grimm, Household Tales.
  43. Stories from the Arabian Nights.\*
  44. Fairy Stories: Sleeping Beauty; Cinderella; Jack and the Beanstalk; Puss-in-Boots; Goody Two Shoes, etc.\*
  45. Mother Goose.
  46. Baby World.
  47. Bulfinch, Age of Fable; Age of Chivalry; Legends of Charlemagne.
  48. Baldwin, Story of Roland; Story of Siegfried.
  49. Frost, Knights of the Round Table; Wagner Story Book.
  50. Church, Stories from the Iliad; Stories from the Odyssey.\*
  51. Henley, Lyra Heroica.
  52. Lanier, Boys' King Arthur; Boys' Froissart.
  53. Patmore, Child's Garland of Verse.
  54. Thacher, The Listening Child.
  55. Palgrave, Golden Treasury (for children).
  56. Scudder, Children's Book.
- II. BOOKS OF MORE RECENT FAME,  
OR BY LIVING AUTHORS.
57. Alcott, Little Women.
  58. Aldrich, The Story of a Bad Boy.
  59. De Amicis, Cuoré.
  60. Andrews, Ten Boys who Lived on the Way from Long Ago to Now.
  61. Bennett, Master Skylark.
  62. Burnett, Little Lord Fauntleroy.
  63. Burroughs, Wake-Robin; Pepacton.
  64. "Coolidge," What Katy Did (series).
  65. Davis, Stories for Boys.
  66. Dodge, Hans Brinker.
  67. Doyle, The White Company.
  68. Eggleston, The Hoosier Schoolboy.
  69. Ewing, Daddy Darwin's Dovecot; Mary's Meadow; Jackanapes; Story of a Short Life.
  70. Grahame, The Golden Age.
  71. Harris, Uncle Remus.
  72. Howells, A Boy's Town.
  73. Jamison, Lady Jane.
  74. Kipling, Jungle Book; Second Jungle Book.
  75. "Ouida," Bimbi; A Dog of Flanders; Two Little Wooden Shoes.
  76. Pyle, Merry Adventures of Robin Hood; Men of Iron.
  77. Richards, Captain January.
  78. Roosevelt and Lodge, Hero Tales from American History.

\* See notes at the end of the list.

79. Seawell, Decatur and Somers.
80. Sewell, Black Beauty.
81. Stevenson, Child's Garden of Verses; Treasure Island; Kidnapped.
82. Stockton, Rudder Grange; The Floating Prince; Ting-a-Ling Tales.
83. Stuart, Sonny.
84. Thompson, Wild Animals I have Known; Trail of the Sand-hill Stag.
85. "Twain," The Prince and the Pauper.
86. Verne, Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea; Around the World in Eighty Days; From the Earth to the Moon; A Journey to the Center of the Earth.
87. Warner, Being a Boy.
88. Wiggin, The Birds' Christmas Carol; The Story of Patsy.
89. Trowbridge, Jack Hazard; His One Fault; The Scarlet Tanager.
90. Parkman, Oregon Trail.
91. Shaw, Castle Blair.
92. Munroe, Through Swamp and Glade.
93. Du Chaillu, African Stories.
94. Lear, The Book of Nonsense.
95. Marryat, Snarleyow.
96. De Witt, A French Country Family.
97. Hale, The Peterkin Papers.
98. Ingelow, Mopsa the Fairy.
99. Erckmann-Chatrion, Madame Thérèse.
100. Wilkins, Young Lucretia.

Our readers are invited to aid in revising this suggested list, and to make such comments as will tend to improve it in any respect.

Some remarks upon the various books or authors named are collected here for convenience. The numbers refer to the numbers in the list.

1. What are the best editions of *Æsop*?
4. Is there a good selection of Browning's poems for young readers?
6. What edition of "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is preferable?
8. What of "*Don Quixote*"?
15. "*Undine*"—what translation is recommended?
- 24, 25, 38. Longfellow, Lowell, and Tennyson appear in many editions. We should like a list of those best adapted to young readers.
- 28, 29, 31, 33. What are the best translations?
35. Rolfe's and the Riverside editions are well known. Are there more recent editions of the plays for young readers? Lamb's "*Tales from Shakespeare*" is, of course, for the youngest.
36. In what form is Spenser best read?
40. Is there not an excellent edition of "*The Swiss Family Robinson*"?
- 37, 43, 44. What editions of "*Gulliver's Travels*" and "*The Arabian Nights*" are best, and what are the best collections of the old "*Fairy Stories*"?
46. "*Baby World*" is, of course, for the very young.
50. In what form is it best for children to read Homer?
95. What are the best of Marryat's for young readers? Something of Jacob Abbott's should be included; but he is so voluminous a writer that we should like our readers' suggestions of his best books.

#### IN A LIBRARY.

ABASHED I stand, yet eager, like Aladdin awed  
before  
The cavern of enchantment, with darksome,  
magic door;  
For 'mid the cloistered shadows there wait on  
every side  
The portals of the mystic realms my word can  
open wide.  
  
What need of sprite or genie? What use of  
lamp or ring?  
I have the word that opens, the wonder-charm  
I bring;  
I am my own magician, when, with my wand  
in hand,  
I come a seeking pilgrim into the bookman's land.

Why pause in doubtful longing? I need but  
choose the gate—  
I need but speak the magic word for which  
the hinges wait;  
The door will swing obedient and open me the way  
To Egypt or to Arden, to Chile or Cathay.  
  
O covers of a wealth of books, O wizard  
hinged doors,  
What treasures do you lock from me, what  
wonder-realm is yours!  
Nay, mine, all mine to conjure with, the simple  
A B C—  
The charm I learned, a little child, beside my  
mother's knee.

*Abbie Farwell Brown.*



## PRUE, PLEASED AND POUTING.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

WHEN Prue was pleased,  
The nursery folks were happy as could be;  
Miss French-Doll smiled, and Pierrot never  
teased,  
And all the dollies lived in harmony—  
When Prue was pleased.

When Prue would pout,  
The nursery was a sadly dismal place;  
Miss French-Doll sneered, and Pierrot was  
a lout,  
And every dolly wore a sorry face—  
When Prue would pout.

“Please, pretty Prue,”  
The little nursery people all implore,  
“Be always sweet and gay and cheerful—  
do!  
And we ’ll not scold or quarrel any more—  
Please, pretty Prue!”

## THE SKEE-HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

A SNOW-STORM, heavy even for the high altitudes of Colorado and Montana, had just come to an end. The wind had literally blown itself out, and the mountains, peaks, and cañons of the great inland plateau were covered with snow, heaped and piled in marvelous drifts that changed the entire appearance of the country, raising great mounds of white in unexpected places, and covering the land for thousands of square miles with a mantle of dazzling white—the winter quilt of nature, protecting the resting trees, shrubs, and other vegetation from the deadly blizzard that swept so relentlessly over the land.

The wind had gone down, and there had followed a cold so intense that the upper surface of the snow had frozen into an icy sheet, glistening in the sunlight like silver, throwing back a thousand hues and rays.

One deep cañon in particular presented a singular appearance. It was a perfect cradle of snow, many hundred feet deep, with sloping sides, and trees like huge pompons rising on the summits of them, the interior being perfectly smooth. On the morning after the storm several furred and muffled figures could be seen

stealing along beneath the trees. Each had those peculiar snow-shoes, called “skees,” fastened to his feet, and each held a long pole firmly in his hand. The skees were pieces of wood seven feet in length and half an inch thick, turned up tightly at the end, and were really little sleds on which the men walked and slid along.

The latter were not ordinary hunters, but men famous in their county for their skill in skee-racing, and trained in the dangerous art of sliding down a mountain-side at a speed inconceivable to any one who has not witnessed it in the northern counties of California, where skee-racing is a favorite pastime, and men become very skilful. These men were engaged in a more serious work. They were the hunters who supply wild animals to the zoölogical gardens, or to the circus, or to any one who desires living wild animals. Every man was a tried woodsman; every one had killed the great game of the Rocky Mountain country—grizzlies, mountain-sheep, black bear, mountain-lion, and many more; and to-day they were in search of the elk, specimens of which were desired to stock a great game-preserve in the East.

It would have been an easy matter to go out



"THE HERD PLUNGED THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW."

and shoot an elk, as the men could have crept upon them from some concealment; but it was necessary to take them alive and uninjured, and this explained the stealthy movements of the men as they crept along the upper edge of the great cañon that dropped away beneath them.

They walked from tree to tree, keeping on the side away from the edge, but occasionally they would creep to it and glance carefully over into the cañon, looking up and down.

Suddenly one of the party stopped and uttered a low whistle. Looking in the direc-

tion indicated, the others saw a herd of elk standing deep in the snow in a secluded corner. The hunters at once left the edge of the cañon, and, now out of sight, hurried on until they reached a point directly opposite the herd. Here they held a hasty consultation, and then, at the orders of the leader, they crept out and found themselves directly above the herd.

Grasping their poles more firmly, they swung themselves lightly over the edge, and then began one of the most exciting and remarkable races possible to imagine: five men rushing down the mountain-side with the speed of the wind—now sliding along the smooth surface, now rising on a slight incline and bounding into the air. They seemed more like shadows gliding down the white sides of the cañon than like mere men.

The herd had seen the hunters at once, and, terror-stricken, dashed away, breaking through the crust, plunging through the deep snow, and becoming, in a moment, at the mercy of the flying men, who, with loud shouts, dashed down among them, even going some distance up the other side in their wild race. But they turned to slide again among the terrified elk, that now headed down the cañon, urged on by the hunters, who easily approached them. The men, by cries and shouts, added to the animals' alarm.

The object of the men was to drive them out

upon the level plain below, and so, selecting the animals they wished to capture, they threw their lariats over the branching horns and literally "drove" before them the elk steeds they had chosen.

The cañon was presently left behind, and at its entrance the men selected the two elk they wished to keep, and a photographer took their pictures as they are here shown—plunged deep in the snow, no doubt trembling with fear at the strange instrument aimed at them, defenseless and helpless, though the open country was before them.

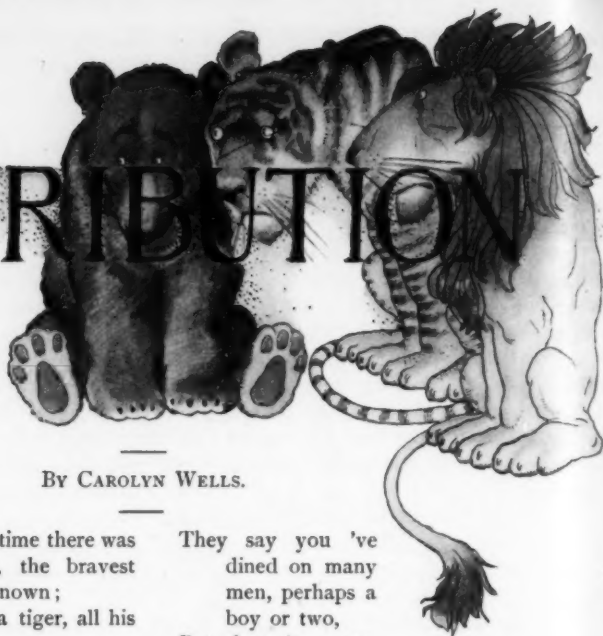
When the elk could no longer be driven, they were caught, bound, placed upon sleds brought for the purpose, and hauled to the ranch. Here they were released in a game corral, and were fed until spring, and until the snow had melted so the railway could be reached. They were then hauled to the nearest station and shipped to the game preserve for which they were captured.

In this way, by plunging down with great velocity among the animals, scattering them here and there, and forcing them to break through the snow-crust, nearly all elk are taken. Even bears and wolves are sometimes captured in the same manner, though the latter are more often followed by wolf-hounds that have been carefully trained for the purpose.





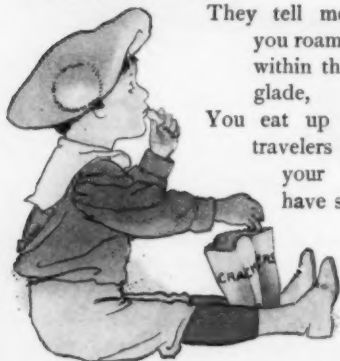
F. Y. CAT



# RETRIBUTION

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ONCE on a time there was  
a boy, the bravest  
ever known;  
He had a bear, a lion, and a tiger, all his  
own.  
He kept them in his nursery, and that  
boy, I do declare,  
Would boldly face the lion and the tiger  
and the bear.  
One day he proudly spake to them: "Well  
may you crouch and cower!  
O mighty beasts, your fate is sealed; I  
have you in my power.  
But ere I send you to your doom, to you  
I 'll kindly state  
Why on your unprotected heads must fall  
this direful fate.



They tell me, when  
you roam at large  
within the jungle  
glade,  
You eat up passing  
travelers who in  
your haunts  
have strayed.

They say you 've  
dined on many  
men, perhaps a  
boy or two,  
But there 's a pos-  
sibility these tales may not be true.  
So one last chance I 'll give you your  
defamers to defy:  
I 'll set you free if you their accusations  
can deny."

When the lion and the tiger and the bear  
this offer heard,  
They sat in sober silence and they never  
said a word.

"Ha!" cried the boy, "you cannot say  
these stories are not true;  
Then tit for tat! Justice demands, my  
friends, that I eat you!"

The shamefaced beasts could not deny  
that this was only fair,  
So that boy ate up the tiger and the lion  
and the bear!

# THE END

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

"YE auld scamp! an' wad ye be killin' the wee one?"

The big lake steamer was plowing her way through the blue waters of old Superior, and it was the captain who was speaking out so angrily.

I was standing on the upper deck near the wheel-house when I heard him cry out, an unusual thing for this taciturn Scotch captain. I had been on other voyages with him, and had seen him in fierce storms and under annoying circumstances of various kinds, but I had never seen him so aroused before.

And the ire of the good captain, strange as it may seem, was all due to his tenderness. A wide-winged brown hawk had swooped down to the deck and was trying to kill a tiny bird which had come on board for safety. The captain drove off the hungry hawk, and gave the little wanderer protection.

We were not more than a dozen miles from shore, and a flock of these tiny birds had been following the boat for an hour. They had taken up their position alongside the extreme bow of the steamer, where the spray sometimes dashed over them, for the wind was high. They seemed tireless as with graceful, rhythmic leaps and bounds they kept pace with the swift boat. Still, now and then some poor little fellow, too tired to fly farther and unwilling to alight on board, would drop suddenly and be engulfed in the icy waters. If we had been going south instead of north, the whole flock would have been seen perched on the rigging or hiding away in secluded places about the decks. It was late in the season, and we were headed northward, and the birds knew it. It was time for them to be on their way to the warm South, and they knew we were going away from that sunny region. Had the captain turned our boat's prow about and headed the steamer for the South, it would not have taken them long

to have discovered the change in course. They knew it was high time for them to be sailing southward, and yet they were too far from land for them to venture to leave the companionship of the boat, and the South they longed for was too far away across the great lake for them to make the passage a-wing.

It is quite wonderful what instinct — or possibly we ought to call it sagacity — these little birds show in cases of this kind.

One day from the deck of the same steamer a gentleman shot eleven of these fierce brown hawks. They were attracted to the boat by the flocks of tiny birds following the steamer.

Many odd bird incidents happen on the Great Lakes. Some of the land-birds have great endurance, even if tiny in size; but when the boat to which they have come for a friendly visit steams out into the broad lake, scores of miles from shore, the birds often become tired out with long flying, and then they will settle themselves down in out-of-the-way nooks and wait for the steamer to come again within flying distance of land.

The birds then become very tame. They will alight on the deck, run and hop along in and out among the steamer-chairs, perch on the gay canvas canopy above the heads of the passengers, and pass so close to you that you would think they had been accustomed to people all their lives long. If you wish, you may approach to within a foot or two of the bright-eyed little fellows. They will eye you sharply or shyly, as the mood seems to come over them. There is a great fascination in approaching so close to birds wild from the great pine forests of the wooded shores. They are like wild animals, who, in the presence of great danger, are not afraid of man, but are the rather calmed by his presence.

I have several times seen a bird alight on the open book in the hands of a lady reading on



the deck, and you need not be surprised if one of them puts his tiny feet lightly down upon your shoulder when you are sitting quietly in some sheltered place.

A dainty little fellow dressed in brown and green flew directly into the captain's arms one

tain came back to the boat after an hour or so on land, he found his little pet overcome by the heat of the cabin, and all his tender care did not bring it back to life. The captain is a bluff man, not given to many words, and the last man in the world to show any unnecessary

sentiment, but his voice was soft and low as he told me how sorry he was when the "wee thing" could breathe no more.

One day this same captain saw two long-legged cranes away aft on the lower deck, near the capstan, trying to hide themselves under a ledge near the rail. Birds of many kinds are passengers on the lake boats, but this was the first time he had ever seen such distinguished travelers from the feathery realm as these two giant cranes. So he thought he would capture both of them alive, since they seemed so tame. They made no attempt to fly away as he approached them, but looked hopelessly at him.



"TWO GIANT CRANES, DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS FROM THE FEATHERY REALM."

day, and he caught it in his hand. He took it into his cabin, and it became very tame. It would eat little crumbs of bread and dead flies from the captain's hand, and no long-caged canary with a line of ancestors bred to captivity would have sat any more contentedly on his shoulder.

When the captain reached port, after a two-days sailing, he left the bird in his cabin, with the curtains drawn for safe-keeping. He feared, if he left it on the deck, seeing land, it would escape, and that would have pained him, for he had become deeply attached to the defenseless thing.

It had been very cold on the lakes, even though it was midsummer, but when port was reached it was excessively hot. When the cap-

Spreading out his arms for fear they might take a notion, after all, to try and escape, he was closing slowly in upon them, when suddenly he gave a spring forward. Just as he did so the boat, as sometimes is its wont, gave an ugly lurch, and the captain slipped. He is a heavy man, and as he fell upon the deck in a most undignified heap for the captain of a big steamer, by accident he landed full on one of the cranes, crushing it. He captured the other one alive, however.

The cabin-boys and the waiters in the dining-rooms take great delight in the company of the birds. One day one of the boys on the boat on which I was traveling found a brownish, black-eyed bird on the hurricane-deck, and

offered it a crumb. Shyly the bird crept up toward the boy and picked the crumb from the deck. More crumbs followed, and then a dead fly. That fly completely won the bird's affection, and you never saw two more devoted friends than the boy and the bird all the rest of the voyage. As soon as the bird had a taste of the fly it followed the boy down into the cabin, where he caught and fed other flies to the bird until it had dined to satiety. All the bird's timidity and fear vanished, and from that hour they were fast friends.

Terrible storms of hail sometimes come up quite unexpectedly on the Great Lakes, especially on Lake Superior, the coldest of all the noble chain. When these hail-storms are raging it is as much as one's life is worth to be out on the deck unprotected. In such storms as these the snowy-winged gulls that follow the ships so tirelessly mile upon mile are struck down by the hundred and fall into the water to die.

By the far north shore of this lake there is a green island which the Indians long ago named Spirit Island. You may see it easily from the steamer any clear summer day. Thousands upon thousands of gulls make their home upon this island. At some seasons of the year there are so many of them that they fairly make paths in the grasses down near the edge of the lake. The Indians, though they should know better because of their wonderful woodcraft and their knowledge of the habits of birds and animals, have believed for hundreds of years, so their traditions tell, that these paths are formed by the spirits of the dead, and they will never, under any circumstances, visit this island. The tradition has become a truth to them, and even the present-day Indians who live in the region will never disembark on this mysterious shore, but will reverently and awesomely guide their canoes away from the pine-clad place and leave it to the "spirits" and to the beautiful white gulls.



"THE CAPTAIN DROVE OFF THE HUNGRY HAWK, AND GAVE THE LITTLE WANDERER PROTECTION."



## THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

### MISCHIEVOUS AND PRETTY RACCOON.

A FEW years ago, in the top of a large hollow tree in a moist bit of woods in northern Pennsylvania, there lived a family of four young raccoons. Their mother, with a feeling common to all mothers, thought these four, fluffy, frolicsome youngsters to be the finest babies in the world. All went well with the little fellows while they remained in the hollow tree, under the care of their wise old mother. As they grew older, however, they felt a desire to



THE RACCOON ON A BRANCH OF A TREE.

see the big world outside, and, accordingly, fell into the habit of taking long rambles by night.

It was while returning home, early one morning, from one of these rambles, that the prettiest one of the lot came face to face with a bright-eyed boy of about fourteen. For a moment both were too frightened to move; but the boy

soon recovered, and made a prisoner of the poor little raccoon. For a time the little captive bore his imprisonment very sullenly; but good food and kind treatment soon changed his wild, shy nature into a spirit of love and confidence. When he had attained full size, his appearance was between that of a fox and bear, on a smaller scale, of course.

For the benefit of our girls and boys interested in nature, our friend Mr. E. A. Sterling sends a photograph of this pretty and intelligent little animal climbing up the big limb of a tree.

In the wild state the raccoon always conducts himself like a perfect little gentleman. His favorite feeding-grounds are along the shady banks of streams, or in some swampy bit of woods, where can be found those large delicious frogs he loves so well. He has, however, no scruples against going out into the fields and orchards in search of nuts, fruits, and green corn; and, moreover, when Dame Fortune puts nice fat poultry in his way, Mr. Raccoon is too much of a gentleman to refuse them, which often gets him into trouble with the farmer. He also eats mice, rats, insects, eggs—in fact is almost omnivorous. He is active day and night.

A curious and interesting habit of raccoons is that of washing all their food in water. It matters not whether they have an ear of corn, a nice clean berry, or a big fat bug, they will always seek a little pool of water and carefully dip the object in it several times before conveying it to their mouth.

In the left end of our heading, "Nature and Science," he is represented as looking out from his winter home, a hollow tree, while a woodpecker is a visitor to the home, getting the insects' eggs and larvæ from the bark.

## GATHERING COCOONS.

Now is a good time to go out to gather cocoons from the bushes and the trees growing by the roadside.

The worm of the cecropia-spins rather a large brownish-cocoon, not very far above the ground, on several different kinds of twigs. You can find them often on vines winding over the stone walls, on stout rough stalks growing low under the trees, and sometimes on currant-bushes in the gardens.

They are usually three inches long, bag-shaped at the lower end, pointed at the upper. The moth that hatches from them late in the spring is handsome enough to repay all the trouble of searching for it. When hatched, its wings expand about five inches, are trimmed with spots of black inside a rim of blue, with red and white stripes upon the edges, and the main coloring is a dusky gray. Its body has a row of red spots extending along each side, and it is known as one of our handsomest New England moths.

The polyphemus-moth has a cocoon rounded at both ends, about an inch and a half long, usually made with a leaf or two fastened closely to the sides, and difficult to find on that account, as the real cocoons

also from  
roadside.  
moth  
gray



CECROPIA COCOON.

wind. You have really to take hold of them to find the difference. This moth varies in color from a cinnamon brown to a yellowish gray, and is distinguished by a handsome "eye"-spot on each lower wing.

If you want the cocoons to hatch well, do not keep them in a warm place or they will get too dry and not come out in good shape. Put them where it is cool until late in the spring, then bring them into a warmer place, and by the last of May or first of June you will find wings, some day, where before there was only a homely case.

SARAH F. BEL.

POLYPHEMUS  
COCOON WITH LEAVES ON IT.

## THE FIRST WILD FLOWER.

Yes, this is a spring month; the winter is nearly past, and one wild flower, at least, is here. Even if there is snow upon the ground the greater part of March, and the wind blows fierce and cold, there will be some sunny days



YOUNG NATURALISTS ON A COLLECTING TRIP IN EARLY SPRING.

when we shall take a walk in the fields and look exactly like dead leaves swinging in the woods. The trees are bare. The buds, with

possibly the exception of the pussy-willows, have not yet started.

We will be guided by the hum of the honey-bees that are buzzing around the wood-pile, getting the sweet sap from the recently sawed and split pieces of maple and birch. Down in the pasture we shall find them where there may be a little sap from the injured bark at the base of the maple-tree, or from the stump of the tree cut down this past winter.

We pass through the dense clump of bushes and follow the brook down the ravine. Here

the hum of the bee is as loud as at the wood-pile, for the bees know that the first spring flower, the skunk-cabbage, is here, and they are visiting the queer flowers for the pollen, which they will pile on their flat legs and take home to the baby honey-bees in the hive.

The skunk-cabbage pushes itself up through the leaves even before the snow is gone. John Burroughs says, "If you look closely upon the ground, you will find that sturdy advance-guard of our floral army thrusting his spear-point up through the ooze, and spring will again quicken your pulse."

It is evident that the shell-like or hooded covering called a spathe protects the flower from the harsh winds. The leaves are pushing up and will unfold in cabbage-like form. All is inviting and refreshing — except the rank perfume. But we'll forgive them that, for they bring us the good news that spring is coming — yes, is even already here!

#### THE HOOT-OWL IN THE SWAMP.

"Whoo-whoo! whoo, whoo-whoo, oo-whoo-ah!"

What's that? Listen, and hear it again. You and I are on this country road, just a little after the sun has set, and it is growing dark. That strange sound comes from the depths of

that big swamp. We will not be frightened, for it is only the hooting-owl, called also the "barred owl," from the rows of feathers like bars on its breast.

The owl is the first wild bird to lay its eggs, the great horned owl beginning the latter part of February, the barred owl about the middle of March in the New England and Middle States, selecting, as pictured, an old hawk's nest, sometimes a crow's nest, and frequently laying the two to four white eggs in a hollow tree. Our barred owl is rightly called the hoot-owl, for, while other owls hoot or screech, this is the noisiest of the whole family. It feeds mostly on mice, upon which it drops, seizing them in its claws, very silently, because its very soft feathers pre-



THE SKUNK-CABBAGE, "THE ADVANCE-GUARD OF OUR FLORAL ARMY."



THE BARRED OWL AND ITS FIRST EGG, LAID IN AN OLD HAWK'S NEST ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF MARCH.

vent the wings making any noise. The owl has been called "a cat in feathers."

Mr. John H. Sage tells the following story:

"I had a funny experience with a barred owl once, in Maine. It was in the daytime, and the bird was perched among some thick trees, apparently asleep. I 'squeaked' (that is, imitated a bird that was hurt) several times from the bushes where I was concealed. His owlship was soon awake, and turned his head from side to side, endeavoring to find out where the noise came from. He jumped up from the limb on which he stood, perhaps three inches, turned around in the air, and landed on the same



limb, but facing in the opposite direction. This operation was repeated several times, facing in alternate directions. Disgusted in its endeavor to locate the wounded bird, it finally closed its

eyes and went to sleep again. The owl seemed fairly crazy in puzzled eagerness to ascertain the source of the sound when I first commenced to 'squeak,' but did not offer to leave the limb."



#### MERRY MONTH OF MARCH.

Ah, March! we know thou art  
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,  
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

WHETHER "March comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion," she is always merry in anticipations. When the young folks are to have a party there are always jolly times beforehand, talking it over and making plans. So our young nature-lovers are making plans this month. Who will see the first of each kind of spring birds? What a pleasure it will be to watch for the opening of the buds! And then, oh, what a treasure will be the first bouquet of spring wild flowers! We may have joined with the older people, two months ago, in making good resolutions and plans; but there are new ones to be renewed this month. The first spring month! Think of it and of what it means to us who are interested in nature. And who is n't? If any there be, we are sorry for them — especially this month. Our joy is wide-spreading.

#### SLEPT ALL WINTER.

THE young grizzly-bear, "Wahb," whose life, so delightfully told, began in the November "Century Magazine," became very sleepy in the autumn, sometimes sleeping all day. Mr. Thompson tells us that the little bear had a very comfortable nest under a root, and one day, as it began to blow and snow, he crawled



into this and curled up to sleep. The storm increased, and the snow fell deeper and deeper. It piled up over Wahb's den, shutting out the cold of winter, and Wahb slept, and slept, and slept all winter without waking. When spring came and aroused him, he knew that he had been asleep a long time.

As you read this in March, when the wind is blowing and it is very stormy, you may especially appreciate Wahb's sleep, for many of our Eastern smaller wild animals sleep all winter. One is especially famous for a six months' sleep, but will wake up in the summer days next month. What do you think it is? In the April number I will tell you all about it.

#### VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES.

WE are to have many pleasant rambles in fields, forests, and meadows, and by the seashore, this year. Let us begin early, so as not to miss the interesting things that the first warm days bring, and then each week will afford a succession of nature's pleasures and surprises. It will be like watching the different parts of a circus parade passing by. Those who live in the country will go nearly every pleasant day, and we will all tell what we have found, for the benefit of one another, and especially for the benefit of the girls and boys who live in the city and can go only occasionally or for a few weeks in the year.

We have seen many of the interesting things in previous years, and on their return will greet them as old friends. Let us take a vote on our favorites — first, second, and third choice of the four-footed animals that live in your part of the country, also of birds, flowers, and insects. The

first choice in each will be our emblem for the year. Several of the States have adopted floral emblems, some by vote of the legislature, and very many more by vote of the school-children. We will excel all the States, and have our emblems—not only a flower, but a four-footed animal, a bird, and an insect. Home favorites, such as horse, dog, cat, canary, etc., are not to be included.

The second and third choices, while not adopted as emblems, will have our especial attention and appreciation during the year. For the best statements showing personal observations and careful reading, and reasons for the preferences, an appropriate prize is offered in each of the four classes, as follows:

**Birds:** One of the standard popular illustrated bird books.

**Four-footed animals:** Illustrated book on common wild animals.

**Flowers:** A collecting-case, called a vasculum; or a plant-press.

**Insects:** A folding insect-net, with jointed bamboo handle.

All letters, stating the three favorites, and reasons, are subject to the same rules as in the League competitions. Write as soon as possible. Letters that are received after April 25 will not be considered in the voting or in the awarding of prizes. Announcements of the results will be made in the July number.



### HOW MANY EYES HAVE YOU?

SHUT your eyes and count ten. Now open them, and tell me what you saw. "Nothing," you say. All right; let's try it another way. Keep them wide open and hold your hand tightly over them, counting as before. What now? "Nothing" again, is it?

Now shut one and keep the other open. Oh, you "can see fairly well" now, but not so well as with both." All right; open both. Now open the next one. "Have n't any more," you say. Oh, yes! you just proved that the *use* of them adds more to the sight than the opening of two. Two eyes well used are better than even three or more eyes would be if poorly used. Let *good use* be added to our two eyes as a third eye, and sometimes we may add to those a field-glass or microscope, as may be needed.

Now, with all the eyes, we may see many things we never before noticed. Some of us

may not have so good eyes, or may not have obtained that third eye, *good use*—so won't you please write us what you have seen?

There is an old Roman proverb that among the blind a one-eyed man is king. If you are three- or four-eyed, you also will be king among us who have only two eyes. We want to get some valuable proclamations from all our "kings and queens."

### THIS BOY IS FOND OF SNAKES.

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our house as long as I can remember, and I think that you are the best magazine of the kind to be obtained. I wonder how many of your readers have really handled and petted a real live snake? Those who have not have lost a great pleasure. If they knew, as some of them do, that a snake is one of the best friends of the farmer and gardener, and one of the most harmless of all animals, I am sure that the next time they saw a snake they would let it be, and not harm it—or, better yet, pick it up, if it is a member of the family of harmless snakes. As a rule, it will not try to fight at all; but if it should bite, it would cause nothing worse than a pin-prick. The tongue of the snake is one of the most delicate organs of the body. His senses of sight and hearing are very weak, and this tongue does all the measuring of distance and feeling of objects. No snake has any "stinger," either in its mouth or at the end of its tail, as a great many people suppose. I have two garter-snakes now for pets, and

they are quite tame. I wish that you would publish something about snakes, by somebody that knows more about them than your faithful reader,

HERBERT E. ANGELL.

"IT MAKES SCHOOL-WORK INTERESTING."

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of my interest in our study of nature. It was very interesting to learn the different ways in which seeds travel. I liked to study the seeds with rudders best. I know why pinecones hang down. I had not thought any about it before. I had not even seen a pine seed.

I like edible seeds very much. My teacher and I went after some one night. We went through a large colony of ants. We did not see the ants, because it was cold weather. Squirrels like edible seeds, too. I think they got more than we did, because they went oftener. The coconut is the largest seed I can think of. We are studying an apple twig, to learn its story. I always thought that the buds were all alike. I have learned that those that do not get the full sunlight are stunted and become fruit-bearing twigs. I think a great deal more about nature than I used to. Everything I see interests me. It makes school-work interesting. I think we enjoy it more than the children in the city, because we can easily find the objects of our study.

BESSIE S. DEAN.

FEASTS OF GOOD THINGS.



"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

tions. There are many, many things to tell you, of great interest to me; but the interest to you must be largely from you. You must have the nature appetite in order to enjoy the feast.

The best sign of the activity that leads to appetite is your desire to ask questions. In the woods and fields I like to have the groups of boys and girls around me, asking questions, for this shows a desire to learn more about the specimens. At my desk I enjoy opening the letters that tell of the things found, and show the genuine interest by asking questions.

THE best dinner you ever saw on the table is not enjoyable except with a good appetite. If you don't like it, there is no value in the large amount and variety or nice preparations.

A PRETTY GROUP OF STARS.

6. In January I noticed in the southern sky a pretty group of stars like a capital V.

ALLIE T. D.

These are the Hyades, and form the face of the fancied Bull in the group called Taurus. The group may be seen in March, early in the evening. Try to find it, and then look a little to the westward and see the small group in the form of "a very little dipper," as it is sometimes called. These are the Pleiades, or "seven sisters." Although you may see only six without the aid of an opera-glass, by using the glass you see not only all the seven, but many more.

ANOTHER LITTLE GREEN PLANT ON TREES.

7. In looking on the stone walls and tree-trunks for the mosses told about in the January number, I find this green, crumbly powder. Please tell us what it is.

N. P. D.

The specimen sent is the very small plant called by the scientists by a very big name—*Pleurococcus vulgaris*. It seems too bad to call such a simple, innocent, pretty little thing such a hard name. It has no common name, and is seen in its real single form only under the microscope. It covers almost the entire trunk and branches of some trees. It is green and fresh in the winter rain, even if the weather is very cold. Get some of it, breaking off bits of the bark, become acquainted with it as much as you can, and later we will learn more about it. It is a very interesting microscopic plant.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

YOUR questions are always welcomed; but perhaps it will be more social—not so one-sided—if you send me the answers to a few, or all, of the following:

1. What is snow?
2. How does the spider make its web?
3. What is the migration of birds?
4. How does a cat purr?
5. How are buds protected in the winter?
6. What bird never alights on trees?
7. What bird lays its eggs on top of a rock without any nest?
8. Why do stars twinkle?
9. What is the use of leaves?
10. What is a sponge, and how does it hold water?



Oh, the winds blow east and the winds blow west,  
And the hawk beats home to her mountain nest;  
But wherever they blow or wherever they go,  
They leave a path where the pansies grow.

So now we have passed through our first winter together. Bleak days, bright days, snowy days, and holidays have whirled and cantered by, and here comes March, the boisterous herald of spring, pounding on the outer gates and calling in a fresh, strong voice: "Way there for the daffodils! Way for the bluebirds! Way for the garlanded singing-boys of life's new cavalcade!"

You will say, perhaps, that this is a fancy of the old days; but, after all, there has been little

change. The garlanded singers may not dress and look now as they did in the long ago, but a hillside facing the March sun will set a boy's heart going to-day just as it always did, and the first dog-tooth violet will make him search eagerly among the damp leaves, even if it is his sister who wears away the garland.

For the call of springtime shall never go unanswered. The madness that sets the hare to capering down the wind is the same wild joy of welcome to new life that makes the boy run and shout and fling his arms to the strong gusts of March. It is the ecstasy of living,—the joy of beginning the world afresh,—and with the first wave of warm, quiet sunlight every living thing, young and old, longs for the voice and smell and color of the woods and fields.



"MIDWINTER." BY GEORGE MERRITT, JR. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE contributions for March have been of unusual interest. With the exception of poems, a greater number than ever before were received, and so many good ones that it was almost impossible to choose those for prizes and publication. Some of those not used were quite as good as those selected, but were put aside for one reason and another, and in the belief that the de-

serving young authors would try again and succeed.

And this brings us to a few of the reasons why a good many other drawings, stories, poems, etc., do not obtain either prizes or publication. In the first place, there are a few young artists and writers who are just the least bit careless. They forget that the rules call for their ages, and their parent's, guardian's, or teacher's indorsement—not on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself. Then, too, the young writers are apt to send more than four hundred words of prose, or a longer poem than twenty-four lines, and to write their poems and stories on both sides of the paper; while the talented and ambitious young artist is likely to forget that *only India*, or very, *very* black writing ink must be used, and not pencils or colored crayons or even soft black ones. Why, one little girl even sent a valentine poem, and a little boy of about the same age sent a George Washington story, when the competitions that called for these closed away back in December. Alackaday! if grown-up writers and artists were as thoughtless as all that, they would be as poor as church-mice instead of millionaires sitting here in their glass houses and throwing stones. Talent is a good thing, but a careful reading of all the rules and prize-offers is quite as important.

BUT there are a few reasons why even some of those who have talent and follow the rules do not succeed. Some of the story-writers try to write too "grown-up." We mean by this that instead of telling their story in short words, simply and directly, as they would talk, they adopt the style of some rather grandiloquent writer, and weaken with long words and flowery sentences the pretty thought that could be ex-

pressed so attractively in four hundred short Anglo-Saxon words, divided into brief, crisp sentences. The young poets should think this over, too; and as for the artists, there are a few very talented young people who make such fine marks, and so many of them, and put them so close together, that when the drawing is reduced for publication all the strength and detail and beauty they have labored so hard to obtain are mingled and muddled and lost. Keep your work free and open and strong, and do not make your drawings too big. There is no rule to go by in this, but if your drawing is larger



"MIDWINTER." BY LARNED VAN PATTEN ALLEN. (SILVER BADGE.)

than a ST. NICHOLAS page, it should be very open indeed, with plenty of white.

And now a word to the others. The young photographers are not keeping up with their fellow-members. Though greater than heretofore, the number of photographs received for March is comparatively small, for what reason we cannot guess. There are certainly a great many cameras among us, and a gold badge is awarded just as willingly for a beautiful photograph as for a drawing or a poem. Only one wild animal photograph was received, though this is not so much a matter of wonder at this season. Still, there were plenty of rabbits and quails and squirrels and snowbirds to be had





"MIDWINTER." BY S. RANDALL.

for the taking, and the additional five and three dollars offered are worth having. Don't you think so? As for the puzzle-makers, they are doing well, while their co-workers, the puzzle-answerers, are increasing and winning their prizes quietly and without display.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 3.

POEM. The title to contain the word "school" or "school-days."

Gold badge, "The Last Day of School," by Alice Goddard Waldo, 113 South Ninth Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

Silver badge, "School-time," by Mattie F. Morris, Eckman, McDowell County, West Virginia.

PROSE. The title to contain the word "Saturday."

Gold badge, "Anticipations of Saturday," by Eunice

Fuller, 57 West Friendship Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

Silver badge, "When Good Friday Comes on Saturday," by Betty Thompson Wardrop, Sewickley, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

DRAWING. "What I Like Best."

Gold badge, "Skating," by Winifred S. Bosworth, Elgin, Illinois.

Silver badge, "Tools," by Paul Micon, Theological Seminary, Fairfax County, Virginia.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Midwinter."

Gold badge, George Merritt, 604 West New York Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Silver badge, Larned Van Patten Allen, 11 Oak Lane, Davenport, Iowa.

PUZZLE. To contain the name of some great man or woman whose birth or death occurred in March.

Gold badge, Maurice P. Dunlap, 526 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badge, Elinor Lothrop Daniels, 73 East 127th Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest to January prize puzzles.

Gold badge, Griffith Lindsay, 917 Beech Street, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

Silver badge, Walter G. Davis, Jr., 82 West Street, Portland, Maine.



"WILD SQUIRREL." BY STANLEY RANDALL, CHURCHVILLE, N. Y. (FIVE DOLLARS AND GOLD BADGE.)

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

BESIDES the special "wild animal photograph prize," we have decided to award four badges this month for excellent work from very young contributors.

POEM. "When School Begins." Silver badge, Alice Moore (age 8), Winnetka, Illinois.

PROSE. "The Rabbit's Saturday." Silver badge, Cecil T. Day (age 9), Trinidad, Colorado.

DRAWING. "Chickens." Gold badge, Henry Emerson Tuttle (age 9), Lake Forest, Illinois.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge and five dollars to Stanley Randall, Churchville, New York, for picture of wild squirrel taken near his home. Only one received.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Midwinter." Silver Badge, Lesta Eckfeld, Lock Box 588, Dennison, Ohio.



"MIDWINTER." BY LESTA ECKFELD. (SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

New York City members will have to look to their laurels. Every prize but one goes outside this month.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY WINIFRED S. BOSWORTH. (GOLD BADGE.)

### ANTICIPATIONS OF SATURDAY.

BY EUNICE FULLER (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

THE room was still, except for the ticking of the little Dutch clock. The moon shone in on the floor, where a little mouse crept softly along. The toys were put on the shelf, and the children had gone to bed.

Suddenly a musical top spoke from a corner of the shelf. "Oh, dear!" it said, "to-morrow is Saturday, the most dreadful of all days. The children will be at home, and before the day is out I shall be so dizzy that I cannot stand up."

"Yes; you are quite right," said a pair of skates. "When we came on the Christmas tree we did not imagine that the very next Saturday our nice sharp edges would be dulled and our leather soaked through in water."

"I am quite neglected in the other way," sighed an arithmetic. "It is always, 'I will do it Saturday,' but I am not touched on Saturday, and I lie around in the house until Monday morning, when I am caught up and tossed about and torn in a way very disrespectful to such an intellectual person as I am."

"I came from Holland," said the Dutch clock, "where the children are careful and sedate; but somehow I like American children better, and am quite content to stay here and keep them from being late to school. I don't care if they don't look at me on Saturday. Saturday should be a play-day."

"I," said the little mouse, with a wink at the moon, "lead a happy, careless life. It does n't make any difference to me what day it is. I am neither tormented by children nor neglected by them. The only thing I am afraid of is—"

But just then "Hobson," the family cat, awoke, and the mouse scurried away. The sun rose, and the little Dutch clock ticked merrily, while the toys whispered, "There come the children!"

### THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

BY ALICE GODDARD WALDO (AGE 17).

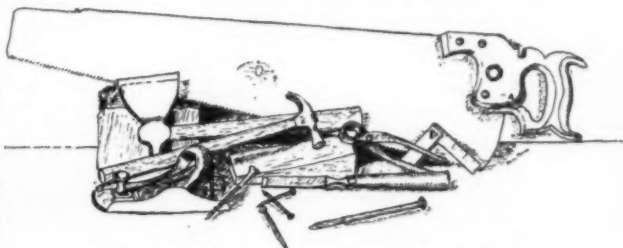
(Gold Badge.)

'T is here! the longed-for day is here,  
For which we've toiled through many a year—  
Commencement Day at last!  
Once more we gather in these halls,  
Within the old familiar walls;  
Once more—then all is past.

Nay, rather, all is now begun,  
Life's race is ready to be run,  
The distant prize gleams fair;  
And we, the runners, come to-day  
To enter on the untried way,  
Which leads we know not where.

Though now 's the time we've dreamed of long,  
When we, with laugh and jest and song,  
Should plunge into the strife;  
Though eager fires within us burn,  
Some way, we sadden as we turn  
This first great page of life.

But pulse of youth is beating high;  
A purpose shines in every eye,  
An ardor naught can cool.  
So why look back with sigh or tear?  
Our life 's before us! We've no fear!  
Hurrah! we're out of school!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY PAUL MICON. (SILVER BADGE.)

To New Readers:—The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League badge and leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY HENRY EMERSON TUTTLE, AGE 9.  
(SPECIAL GOLD BADGE.)



"BABY BROTHER." BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13.

### SCHOOL-TIME.

BY MATTIE F. MORRIS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

How queer I feel to study my lessons,  
When I've put them by for so long!  
So long has it been since I studied them  
That I know they'll be all wrong!

And what do I care if  $x$  equals  $B$ ,  
And  $a$  equals minus two—  
When I want to read my nice new books,  
Though I've got my lessons to do?

And I want to skate, and run out and play,  
Though I cannot do that, you know,  
For I must study instead of play,  
Which causes much secret woe.

So I'll say good-by, and stop right now,  
Before I've spent more time,  
For I've got to learn how the Romans lived,  
Instead of making a rhyme.

### WHEN GOOD FRIDAY COMES ON SATURDAY.

BY BETTY THOMPSON WARDROP (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

"TED, what would happen if Good Friday came on Saturday?"

Ted, a small boy of seven, looked up thoughtfully.



"CAMPING OUT." BY JOHN L. BINDA, AGE 13.

He admired this big brother, who was nearly twenty years his senior, with all his heart. It never occurred to him that his brother was only trying to tease when he asked this question.

A few minutes later, brother Horace helped a sober little person into a reefer, and saw him start for school, while he never dreamed that Ted was still hunting an answer to his question. But Ted was not the kind who had things come in one ear and go out the other. He thought about it all morning, and the word "Saturday" was so stamped on his brain that when his teacher asked him who was the companion of Robinson Crusoe, he answered, "Saturday."

In the afternoon he went skating, and was so absent-minded that he was run into several times, and one of his friends remarked: "What is the matter with you this afternoon, Ted Evans? You act as though you were half asleep." But a few minutes later he was enjoying a game of hockey, playing until it was almost dark. Then, as he stooped down to unfasten his skates, he remembered the question, and almost immediately an answer came to him: "Why, if Good Friday came on Saturday, then some other holiday would have to be changed. Of course. How stupid I was not to think of it sooner!" And Ted jumped up and down in his joy. He started off on a run, determined to find Horace and tell him his solution. A disappointment awaited him, however, for his brother did not come home for dinner, and he had to go to bed at eight when his nurse came for him.

Just as he was going to sleep, he heard a step outside his door.

"Horace, Horace!" he called.

Young Mr. Evans peeped in and smiled at the eager little fellow sitting up in bed.

"I have an answer to your question," said Ted.



"KITTEEN AND MOUSE." BY HAROLD BIGELOW WOODS, AGE 10.

Horace laughed when he found what thought had been concentrated upon his idle words.

"Well, little chap, what is it?"

"If Good Friday came on Saturday, we would have Fourth of July on the 5th."

Horace went downstairs, laughing heartily, to tell his mother of earnest little Ted; but I think it was a pretty good answer for such a foolish question.

### WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS.

BY ALICE MOORE (AGE 8).

(Special Silver Badge.)

WHEN holidays are ended,  
And school begins once more,  
The merry, joyous children  
Flock round the school-house door.

They learn their lessons finely,  
They study with a will,  
And when the time comes to recite,  
They read them off with skill.

## THE RABBIT'S SATURDAY.

BY CECIL T. DAY (AGE 9).

*(Special Silver Badge.)*

I AM a little rabbit. On Saturdays my mama keeps me in the hollow tree. There are bad men who come and point a thing at us, and it goes bang! One of us is dead. Miss Owl goes and sits on the school-house and tells us when it is Saturday. The other day a boy came here and threw a stone at us, and Miss Rattlesnake hissed, and he ran away. Now it is two weeks' vacation and we sleep all day. Yesterday I got up and went out on the road. A boy came and pointed a cube at me, and it went clk! I jumped into the bushes, and it went clk! He pointed it at Miss Frog, too. Do you know who this was? It was a St. Nicholas League boy. He wore a pretty badge.



"MY HOME." BY FRED MA DAN.  
(Master Ma Dan won a gold badge in our first competition.)

## WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER.

BY CHARLOTTE MORRIS (AGE 11).

IN summer-time, when the leaves are green,  
And the mountains are shady and cool,  
I'll sit in a tree and laugh and sing;  
I'm happy—I've finished with school.

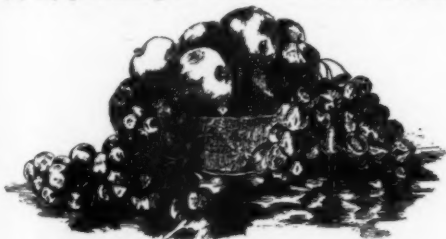
The frogs croak their songs in every pool,  
Birds sing in each leafy tree.  
Happy things! they never have any school;  
How thankful of that they must be!

I don't think school so bad, of course,  
But vacation's much better, you see;  
And I suppose, although school's not so much fun,  
It's as good as vacation for me.

## SATURDAY.

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS (AGE 12).

IT was the first day of spring, and the birds were joyfully proclaiming the news from tree to tree, and



"FRUIT." BY FRED HOFF, AGE 16.

bicycles were whizzing up and down the road as if glad to get out in the air again, after being shut up in the cellar all winter.

VOL. XXVII.—59.

Polly Holmes was the biggest tomboy in the little village of Bloomfield. She hated school, and so she had decided to play truant this lovely day. Her mother was upstairs with a headache, so Polly thought she would run out in the woods and have some fun. She wished she could have one of her friends with her. "But they will be going to school," she said; "the only fun I'll

have will be the thought that I am playing truant, and that the teacher is wondering where I am."

So away she ran, and never came back until luncheon-time, very dirty, bedraggled, and tired, and thinking that she did not have a very nice time after all. But would n't the girls stare when she told them about it! And that was fun, anyway. When she came in for luncheon, her mother called out: "Why, Polly! where have you been? I thought you were going to spend the day at Rachel Roland's."

"I—I thought—I mean—school," stammered Polly, when her brother interrupted her, exclaiming:

"Oho! school on Saturday! You're a nice one!"

And then Polly was informed that it was Saturday, and she said very meekly, "Oh, I forgot!" But when she got up in her room she slammed the door and said: "I think it is too mean! I might have had a lovely time at Rachel's, and now the girls will all laugh at me for playing truant on Saturday. You won't catch me playing truant again."

## SCHOOL-TIME.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 14).

TRAV'LING on the road of learning,  
Often rugged is the way;  
But our hopes are always with us,  
Present both by night and day.

Here there looms a mountain, shrouded  
In a darksome mystery;  
Many happy, many mourning,  
Climb the hill of History.

Here a lane with rocks and brambles  
To a plain beyond is leading;  
Vast the plain, but steep the pathway;  
Spelling 't is, and leads to Reading.

Many pleasures are in Reading—  
Breezes, warmth, and sun or shade;  
And St. NICHOLAS, for certain,  
There a corner bright has made.

If we go around a mountain,—  
Try to quickly pass it by,—  
Though our path at first be easy,  
Into dangers we will fly.

But 't is those who do not falter  
Who, at ev'ry step they go,  
Find the way is growing better,  
And can help their friends below.

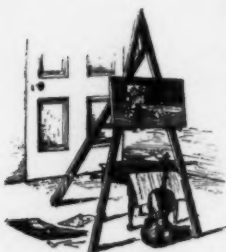
## THE CAT THAT CAME ON SATURDAY.

(A True Story.)

BY ELLEAFORE CARUTHERS.

It was in the autumn of 1896 that a little kitten came to us. It was a brindle kitten. We called it "Keturah" after the cat in "Grace Greenwood's" pets. The way we happened to get her into the house was that we had a cat that we called "Thomas." We called Thomas in, and Keturah followed him in. When she got in she stood up so prettily that I could not help hugging her. We brought her clear from Pittsburg with us to Adamsford, and then to Lansdowne, where she is living still. Thomas died at Adamsford, and was buried under an old apple-tree.

Keturah's pet name is "Tudy." When we reached Lansdowne with her, and had been there a couple of days, a dog came to us and soon made friends with Tudy. "Doc" is the name of the dog. I may at some time finish this story, and it will be entitled "Keturah's Death."



BY KITTIE L. HEUSEL.

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY H. G. WINSLOW.

A WONDERFUL building the ward school seems

When you start your scholastic career;  
Your mind with the wildest imaginings teems,  
And you build up a castle of fanciful dreams  
Of the fun in your final year.  
But somehow the pleasures have faded in air  
When, after long waiting, you find yourself there.

When later, a freshman in high school, you gaze  
On seniors respected and grand,  
You listen with joy to their every chance phrase,  
And, eagerly longing, you wait for the days

When in their position  
you 'll stand.  
But somehow your long-  
ing has vanished in  
air

When, after four seasons, you find your-  
self there.



BY HELEN N. TROTTER.

So we push onward, and, never at rest,  
Nor content with our own slender store,  
We no sooner reach what we think is the best  
Than we find it is worthless, and turn to our quest  
And eagerly seek something more.  
For ever we tire of what falls to our lot,  
And battle and struggle for what we have not.

## NOTES, LETTERS, ETC.

MISS JESSIE E. SAMPTER, whose "Christmas Tree" poem carried off the gold badge in the November competition, has had a poem accepted by ST. NICHOLAS for the body of the magazine. This makes her an honorary

member of the League, with the privilege of contributing, if she wishes to do so, but not entering the prize competitions. Other members will congratulate the first of their number to graduate, as it were, into the regular ranks of literary workers.

## SPECIAL MENTION.

Though not quite up to the publication mark, special mention should be made of the drawings sent this month by Dates Pursell, Ethel York, Robert H. McKoy, Marjorie Hood, Margaret Peckham, Margaret Thomasson, and Arthur Bell. Also of stories and essays by Lily Carpenter Worthington, Anna Spencer Stokes, Edgar Daniels, Rachel D. Kanes, and Lois W. Martin. The work sent by these young writers and artists is very promising, and they should persevere.

## LETTERS.

A great many pleasant letters have come to the League this month from interested and enthusiastic members. We have room only for two brief extracts.

Theron T. Pierce of St. Louis says: "I think the League is simply splendid, and do hope that you will keep it up. I think without a doubt ST. NICHOLAS is the finest magazine published, barring none. We have taken it in our family ten years. Its coming is a great event in our house."

Thomas J. Hogan of Norfolk, Virginia, says: "I think the League is one of the finest things that I have ever seen in your magazine, and that is saying a great deal—for ST. NICHOLAS is always as full of good things as a pomegranate is of seeds. I am going to try for a badge, but I think I will have to work very hard, judging from the poems, etc., in the January number. I hope to get up a League chapter in Norfolk."

Thomas has the right ideas, and we shall take pleasure in seeing him succeed.



BY FRED STEARNS.

## GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

SELECTED from a number of the good poems received—some of them pretty, some amusing, all interesting. We will begin our "gems" this month with Willie Ponder's second stanza, in which he says:

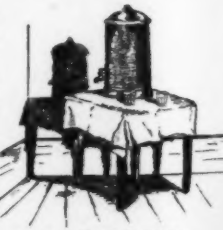
The Christmas holidays are past,  
The pure white snow is falling fast,  
And we could have such merry fun  
If only school had not begun.

That is a very good stanza, and we believe that Willie does n't feel so badly about school beginning as he would have us think.

Kenneth B. Day has n't entirely forgotten the holidays, either, for he says:

The Christmas holidays are  
o'er,  
And the children are in  
school.

The master calls attention,  
And then begins to rule.  
He next has the geography,  
And there it is, you know,  
They learn of arctic regions  
Where lives the Eskimo.



BY COURTLAND N. SMITH.



Helen Greene, age nine, looks at life in a happy-hearted way that many of us could imitate with profit:

My school-days are pleasant;  
I hope yours are, too.  
Don't grumble, but do what  
You have to do.

And Rachel Nixon tells what her mama thinks about it, though we are not quite sure of her meaning in the third line:

My mama says that school-  
days  
Are the very, very best.  
We children don't agree  
with her.  
(T is the time she gets  
for rest.)



BY M. L. HAMLIN.

While Ruth Phillips thinks that school is a good thing, even though she questions her reader's personal preference:

The school is best for girls and boys,  
Though they love more their pretty toys.  
Would n't you rather than writing on paper  
Be cutting some queer and livelier caper?

Ivy Craft is willing to believe that children of other days had different views on the matter:

The children of this period,  
As a general rule,  
Are not the kind we used to have,  
Who liked to go to school.  
My readers, do not judge from this  
That I am grown and know,  
For really the truth of the matter is,  
My mother told me so.

Marguerite M. Hillery starts her poem as follows:

Young Thomas was angry and fretful and sad;  
His father was cross and his mother was mad;  
Aunt Jane had been scolding, and Sarah, well, she  
Was as mad and as bad as the other cross three.

This is good and interesting, and we want to go right on; and then all at once we find that it is n't a school poem at all, but a valentine poem that, by some mistake, this talented young author has kept over from last month's competition.

Eva Wilson tells of the sort of a boy that most all of us remember, and gives the age of his little brother:

For this boy was fond of paper-wad throwing,  
Without his teacher even knowing,  
And often got into many a fix  
With his only brother, Sam, aged six.

Mildred Marguerite Whitney, aged nine, will be writing verse before long that will set people to thinking of special gold and silver badges. Describing the view from the school-room window, she says:

For stretched before our wondering eyes  
Is the coziest little scene—  
The hills and fresh green meadows  
Where the river threads between.

And this is how she closes:

So we've learned the greatest lesson,  
Greater far than books can give:  
If we follow nature's teachings  
We'll know better how to live.

Paula Hinze begins a pretty poem with this stanza:

In spring the flowers begin to grow,  
The sunshine melts away the snow,  
And Mother Nature's loving arm  
Sends out the sunshine bright and warm.

But, alas! this is not a school poem, either; so we have room only for this one stanza.

Edith Butler starts with a wish that comes to most children when they have been shut up in school all day over hard lessons:

I wish I was an Indian,  
Or something bad and wild,  
And lived in some far country where  
I'd be the only child.

Edith then tells us what she would do if she had things her own way for a few days, and, of course, one of the first things would be to start a school, perhaps to get even:

I'd have the birds and beasts around  
Obey at my command,  
And I'd make the little birdies have  
A military band.

Perhaps it's just as well that this young poet is still in school.

Lester C. Farris says he does not wish to compete for any of the prizes, and sends a little poem entitled "Mother Knew," which is short and worth using:

#### MOTHER KNEW.

"When I went to sleep," Jamie said,  
"I was counting the leaves overhead."  
"And how did you know?" asked sister Bo-peep.  
"For who can remember when they go to sleep?"  
Then, nodding wisely his little head,  
He answered, "That is what mother said."

Ethel H. Wooster's wish is somewhat different from Edith Butler's, but perhaps arises from the same cause:

I wish that all was upside down,  
And topsyturvy, don't you see?  
And there were no schools in all the land  
For little boys like me.  
We'd eat whate'er we wished to in  
Such happy, happy times,  
And always have our pockets full  
Of dollar bills and dimes.

We'd all have bicycles and guns

And lots of other toys,

Which some men make just  
for the sake  
Of all the little boys.  
Sometimes we'd go to  
play in  
Our father's big end-  
lot,  
Where the locust twangs  
his fiddle when  
The day is close and  
hot.

We'd hide ourselves deep  
in the hay,  
And ride on every  
load—  
We'd have great fun till the  
day was done  
In the old lot by the  
road.  
But if we went to bed each  
night  
Without our mother's  
kiss,

I fear that school, in spite of rule,  
We'd think had much more bliss.

That is a good poem, Ethel, and you will do still better ones by and by.



BY IDA MARIE O'CONNELL.

George Elliston writes well, too, as these four lines will show:

Days when the life we live is half a dream,  
When all things shine with hope's delusive gleam—

Days when we build our castles as we will,  
While life's pellucid stream stands almost still.

And now we come to a poem by Emy P. Laird on the close of school:

Our days at school are done —  
Our class lives but in name.  
What is the record we have made?  
What now shall be our aim?

That is a question that all of us must answer at one time or another in our lives, and to be ready to answer it properly we cannot do better now than to follow this closing advice by Arthur Edward Weld:

Now, boys and girls, please just take heed  
And learn from this example,  
And do not think you do not need  
An education ample.

#### CHAPTERS.

**SPECIAL TO TEACHERS.** Chapters of the St. Nicholas League are being formed in many schools, and a number of teachers have taken a kindly interest in these organizations. To all teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge.

Thirteen new chapters have been reported this month. They are as follows:

No. 24. Thomas Roberts, President; Kimball Fletcher, Secretary; four members. Address, 117 East Fifteenth Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. No. 24 begins by having a magic-lantern show with gramophone music.

No. 25. Bernard Merriam, President; Edmund Sanford Lewis, Secretary; Ruth Palmer, Vice-President; fifteen members. Address, South Framingham, Massachusetts.

No. 26. Nellie Aylsworth, President; Bertha Nigh, Secretary; twenty-eight members. Address, care L. W. Donley, Principal Fifth Ward School, Fostoria, Ohio.

No. 27. Bessie Dickinson, President; four members. Address, Edgerton, Wisconsin.

No. 28. Mary Howe, President; Rachel Rhoades, Secretary; nine members. Address, 912 California Avenue, Urbana, Illinois.

No. 29. Ruth Raymond, President; Constance Hallock, Secretary; seven members. Address, Clinton, New York.

No. 30. Marion Briggs, President; Eva Elmer, Secretary; six members. Address, Voluntown, Connecticut. The members of Chapter 30 are going to write essays on subjects selected from ST. NICHOLAS. This seems good practice.

No. 31. Caroline R. Study, Secretary; three members. Address, 616 West Norris Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 32. Natalie Taylor, President; Helen Redich, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 144 West Ninety-third Street, New York City.

No. 33. Mary I. Badger, President; Marie H. Whitman, Secretary; ten members. Address, Keene, New Hampshire.



BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN.

No. 34. Elbert Durfee, President; Justin Weddell, Secretary; six members. Address, Davenport, Iowa. Chapter 34 collects one cent at each meeting from each member, and will use the money to buy a good book for all to read. They ask for an appropriate name. How would "Knickerbocker" do?

No. 35. Helen Bettis, President; Miles Greenleaf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 132 North Thirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

No. 36. Otto Wolpeth, President; Henry Goldman, Secretary; ten members. Address, Hebrew Technical Institute, 34-36 Stuyvesant Street, New York City.

The addresses given are those of the secretaries. In reporting new clubs the names of officers should always come first, followed by the names of other members. We have room for the names of president and secretary only. Names should be arranged one below the other, and the report signed by the secretary with full address. Club number will go with the buttons.

#### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

#### POEMS.

Helen Marion Wallace  
Florence Newton

Ellen Henrietta Skinner  
Annie Biddle

#### PROSE.

Lily Carpenter Worthington  
Hilda Ward  
Elodie Chamberlain  
Howard V. Yergin  
Alice Scott  
Helen Cook Davis  
Anna Spencer Stokes  
Katherine C. Gurney  
Rachel D. Kanes  
Joseph Worthen  
John Cleaveland Beebe  
Cora Manley Westcott  
Sadie J. Skinner  
Thomas J. Hogan  
Emy P. Laird  
Katherine Kerr  
Jessie Murray  
Alma Reed  
Christine Payson  
Grace M. M. Ford

Katherine Harlow  
Laura Benet  
Gertrude C. Condron  
Lilian May Vendes  
Elizabeth Nitchie  
Lily Hunt  
Lillian E. Judd  
Ruth Perkins Vickery  
Ellen Elizabeth Bates  
Margaret Widdemer  
Ethel Watson  
Edith Brown Gurley  
Florence E. Lahee  
Grace Ethel Fowler  
John T. Hancock  
Margaret Hendrie  
Annie R. Varney  
Helen Murphy  
Ormie Paulding  
Etta Stein

Marjorie Beebe

#### DRAWINGS.

Dates Pursell  
Margaret Thomasson  
Margaret Peckham  
Marjorie Hood  
Arthur Bell  
Robert H. McKoy, Jr.  
Ethel York  
Grace McDougall  
Betty Lockett  
Thornton D. Skidmore  
Eleanor Hollis Murdock

Harriet S. Smith  
Marcus H. Doll  
Charles K. Colb  
Carol Bradley  
J. Herbert Gaily  
Winfield Tyler  
Mac Geary  
Frances Rogers  
Ethel De Ronde  
Elinor Morton Hoyt  
Richard S. Newbold  
Helen M. Bissell  
Graham Hawley  
C. W. Hibbard  
Musgrave Hyde  
Joseph M. Dugan  
Seward H. Rathburn  
Hally B. Mills  
F. M. Greenleaf



BY REBECCA McDOUGALL.

Ruth B. Hand  
Charlotte S. Woodford  
Katherine F. McCook  
Edward C. Stifler  
R. S. Crane  
Harriet F. Thomson  
Talbot T. Hamlin

M. Marshall Emerson  
Vernon Radcliffe  
Carola Spaeth  
Ruth Osgood  
Arthur End  
Margaret N. Osgood  
Marion K. Evans

Helen Lawrence  
Thomas McIver

Francis Tingley  
Gretchen Boyd

## PUZZLES.

Guy Richards Crump  
Edith Chapin  
Ella Varick Morrison  
William S. Ward  
Edith M. Thompson  
Reginald Petre Courtis  
Elmore Lee  
Elsie Demmler  
Gordon Thompson

Eleanor Smith  
Louise Edgar  
Marion S. Cornly  
Rachel Rhoades  
Albert E. Stockin  
Edward N. Goodwin  
Ruth Allaire  
Bertha B. Janney  
Shirley Bangs

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Erford W. Chesley  
Arthur L. Besse  
Jeannette Palen Hunt

Harold S. Frankenheimer  
Frederic C. Smith  
Larned Van Patten Allen

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 6.

NOTE.—*Prize Competition No. 6* will close on March 10. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for May.

POEM.—"The Nineteenth Century's Last Springtime." This must not contain over twenty-four lines, and may be either reflective, descriptive, or narrative, and either serious or humorous.

PROSE.—The title must contain the word "wheel," and the story or essay may relate to any phase or incident of wheeling. It must not exceed four hundred words in length, and may be either serious or humorous.

DRAWING.—"First Signs of Spring." Only India ink or very black writing-ink must be used, and only white paper. Landscape, still life, or figures may be selected as a subject—in fact, anything that the subject suggests.

PHOTOGRAPH (not smaller than 3×3).—"March Days." This may be either an indoor or outdoor view, with or without figures.

PUZZLE.—The answer must express something likely to bring happiness in June.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS.—The best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to the puzzles in this (March) number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

The younger members of the League need not be

afraid to try. Their ages will be taken into consideration, and special prizes will be awarded for unusual excellence in early efforts. In fact, the *first prize* for prose was taken this month by a girl of eleven, and once before by a little girl of ten, Miss Katherine Carr, whose pretty story appeared in the January issue.

## SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH PRIZE.

To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun, the *St. Nicholas League* continues the following special prize announcement:

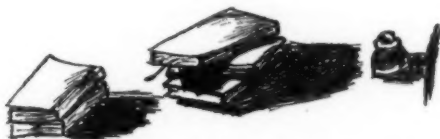
For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and the League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and the League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Before sending any contribution read all the rules over carefully.

Address all communications to

The *St. Nicholas League*,

Union Square, New York City.



"THE WAVERLEY NOVELS." BY DOROTHY JENKS, AGE 13.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE reprint by special request this month an exciting story, which appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1891, entitled "Storm-bound above the Clouds." It will be quite new to many of our readers; and the older boys and girls will be glad to read it again when they note the name of the author,—Frederick Funston,—now the well-known Brigadier-General Frederick Funston of the United States army, whose gallantry in the Philippine Islands has won for him marked distinction within the past year. In General Funston's mountain-climbing adventure

amid snow and ice, so modestly recounted, our readers will recognize the same qualities that made him the idol of his men in warfare under a tropic sun.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I wish you could publish some prize competitions especially for children in foreign countries like Japan, because when we get any *ST. NICHOLAS* with a prize competition in it, it is always too late to send in our papers.

I was born in America, but do not remember much about it. I can only remember a little about California,

because I went there three years ago. I expect to go to America in two years, because I have to go to school there. I am going to school in Wisconsin. We are going to Nikko this summer, and I expect to have a great deal of fun. Nikko is a beautiful place, full of flowers, ferns, waterfalls, temples, and mountains. I only know of four waterfalls; they are called Somentake, Shirifuri, Vrami, and Nanatake. Vrami means "Back View," but Nanatake means "Seven Waterfalls." I don't know what the other two mean. My friend Constance is going too, and we expect to have fine fun together. On Queen Victoria's birthday we had a holiday. In the morning we bought fire-crackers and shot some of them off. In the evening we had some fireworks.

We are Americans, but we don't mind celebrating the Queen's birthday. In some books it is said that Japanese children do not cry, but I think that the authors must have been here only a day, because if they had been here a day and a night I think they would have thought differently.

I think I liked the "Story of Betty," "Chuggins," "Trinity Bells," "Quicksilver Sue," and "Margaret Clyde" best of all the stories lately.

I think that I have written enough, perhaps too much to be published, so good-by.

From your interested reader,  
A. PAULINE M—.

#### ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you for the League badge. I received it the day before Christmas, and I think it very pretty. It was very lovely to spend a Christmas here in Rome, and I enjoyed the beautiful music in the different churches very much. There was a lovely Christmas tree in our hotel, and Christmas night the "Ave Maria" was sung here by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. We had our presents in our own parlor Christmas Eve, and I recited the little poem entitled "Pompey's Christmas," which I found in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS. A few days later we drove on the old Appian Way to Albano, where we saw the tomb which is said to be that of Pompey, and of course I was much interested in it. We left home in May, and it was some time before I received the June number, and you can imagine how glad I was when it came, for I had left "Betty" over in America, standing on a threshold in the elevator-shaft, and I was so afraid she would never get down! I am a little Vermont girl ten years old, and am always

Your interested reader,  
MARY C. TARMER.

#### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an uncle who is in India, and he wrote me a note telling about a fight between a cobra and a mongoose. I liked it so much that I want other people to enjoy it, too. Any one who has read the Jungle Books will, I am sure, like it very much. Here it is:

"You remember 'Rikki-tikki-tavy' in the Jungle Book? Well, the little mongoose's tail did bristle out just like a bottle-brush, and the cobra struck at him again and again. The little mongoose's eyes got bright as beads, and he never took them off the cobra for a second as it reared above him; and every time that it struck, quick as lightning the little Rikki-tikki-tavy jumped away quicker than lightning, leaving the cobra's head to come down with a bump. He watched his chance, and then sprang in close on the coils of the snake, and somehow managed to grab him by the lower

jaw. Then such a circus as there was! It was just a whirl of snake, and bottle-brush tail, and beady little eyes. Once or twice the snake coiled so tightly round him that he almost choked him off, but the slim and sleek little body of the mongoose seemed able to wriggle out of anything. Quick as a flash he changed his hold, and his teeth sank into the snake just back of the head; then it was only a matter of a few seconds before the cobra was stretched out dead. Rikki had his mouth too close to the poison-sacs of the snake, and after the battle he spit and frothed and scraped his mouth in the dust until his little nose got as red as fire. He was just as tame as a kitten, and I wanted to send him home to you, but he would be sure to die on the way."

My uncle's letter interested me very much.

I remain yours respectfully,  
HELEN KATE FURNESS.

#### ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent number I noticed where one subscriber has had the ST. NICHOLAS from the beginning. We also have had it; beginning with my sister down to me, we have had ST. NICHOLAS every month.

I am in the hospital, flat on my back, and I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS so much, and so do all the children in the ward.

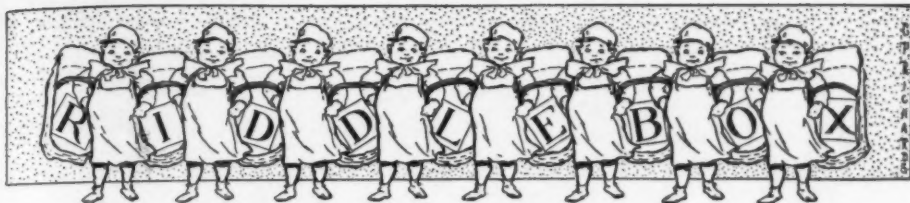
There are eight children here. One has been here a year and a half, and is perfectly contented. One boy is a half-breed Indian, and I get him to tell me about his home. He enjoyed the story of Arkichita. I liked "The Lakerim Dozen" best, though the "Story of Betty" and "Trinity Bells" both were good.

Hoping that you may always have success, I am  
Your faithful reader,  
ELINOR G. BROWN.

A NUMBER of letters not spoken of here are in type to be printed in later numbers.

Alice Nicols writes from Dresden, where she is at school. She expects to go to the Paris Exposition. Rex L. Morse sends a newspaper clipping about another ice cave, about one hundred miles northeast of Portland, Oregon. This is the third about which we have received letters. Rodney Dean has let us see a clever story of adventure. It is an excellent piece of writing for a boy nine years old. "Minnie" writes from Lincoln, Nebraska, about a horse named "Thunder" that shook his head when asked to take sugar, "though he really meant yes." Claire Van Daell's family have taken ST. NICHOLAS for fourteen years. Florence Foster has a pet dog, "Dewey," that, when called, comes and walks with her from school. C. Eugenia Piollet hopes ST. NICHOLAS will always remain as interesting. Mary L. Crosby likes it best of all magazines. Carrie Kappel prefers London to Berlin (she writes from Berlin), and thinks she would like New York if she "ever came there." Teresa Sweeney tells us about her family, her friends, and her lessons. Paul W. Haasis sends a diagram showing how he made amusing figures of men and animals with stone building-blocks.

Other pleasant letters came from Marguerite Russell, Mary R. B., Gertrude Lloyd, Molly L. Maclean, Margorie Maynard, Antoinette L. Fuller (whose home is named Chetolah, an Indian word meaning "Peaceful Rest"), Dorothea Dudley, Walter C. Douglas, Lilian Endicott (who has a little pony just like the one in "Denise and Ned Toodles"), and from Will Ruggles. We thank them all very heartily.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

**RHYMED ANAGRAM.** Lade, lead, deal, dale, lead.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Cambridge. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Cricket. 2. Crawl. 3. Armor. 4. Blueberry. 5. Arm. 6. Quiet. 7. Badge. 8. Braggarts. 9. Bee.

**FAMOUS NICKNAMES.** Initials, George Washington. 1. Gladstone. 2. Eliot (John). 3. Otho III. 4. Robespierre. 5. Gustavus Adolphus. 6. Edward, the Black Prince. 7. Wellesley (Arthur, Duke of Wellington). 8. Adams (John Quincy). 9. Stevens (Thaddeus). 10. Herodotus. 11. "Infant Phenomenon." 12. Napoleon. 13. Goethe. 14. Taylor (Zachary). 15. O'Connell (Daniel). 16. Neville (Richard, Earl of Warwick).

**LAMP PUZZLE.** Centrals, Abraham Lincoln. 1. Ear. 2. Ebb. 3. Early. 4. Enlarge. 5. Elephants. 6. Everlasting. 7. Exclamation. 8. Elm. 9. Exile. 10. Dandy. 11. Excel. 12. Eon. 13. Exclude. 14. Eternally.

**HEART PUZZLE.** From 1 to 2, Valentine's Day. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Atrows. 2. Santa Clara. 3. Discoveries. 4. Overbalance. 5.

Intelligent. 6. Earthenware. 7. Presentment. 8. Sagittarius. 9. Superiority. 10. Convenience. 11. Dandelion. 12. Consiga. 13. Jaded. 14. Day. 15. Y.

**CHARADE.** Main-spring.

**CENTRAL ACROSTICS.** I. Centrals, Trenton. 1. Altar. 2. Coral. 3. Scent. 4. Tenor. 5. Latch. 6. Groan. 7. Links. II. Centrals, Princeton. 1. Prophet. 2. Currant. 3. Capital. 4. Counsel. 5. Concert. 6. Palette. 7. Century. 8. Allowed. 9. Council.

**RIDDLE.** Stake, steak.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.** I. 1. H. 2. Car. 3. Cruel. 4. Hautboy. 5. Rebut. 6. Lot. 7. Y. II. 1. P. 2. Bos. 3. Birch. 4. Portray. 5. Acrid. 6. Had. 7. Y. III. 1. Layer. 2. Arena. 3. Vess. 4. Ensnare. 5. Rates. IV. 1. T. 2. Hot. 3. Hurra. 4. Torpedo. 5. Tread. 6. Add. 7. O. V. 1. T. 2. Hub. 3. Hated. 4. Tutelar. 5. Below. 6. Daw. 7. R.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from M. McG. — Joe Carlad — Howard B. Peterson — Theodora B. Dennis — Harry McCall — R. R. Stanwood — Frances Richardson — Bessie Thayer & Co. — Ernst F. Deiterer — Helen Ames — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Musgrove Hyde — "Bertha and Joe" — Clara A. Anthony — Hildegarde G. — Edith Lewis Lauer — Edith M. Thompson — Grace C. Norton — Tessie McMechan — Sara L. Kellogg — Paul Hayden — Allie and Adi — Mabel M. Johns — Phebe, Julia, and Marion Thomas — "Dondy Small."

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER** were received, before December 15th, from Helen W. Kennedy, 1 — A. P. Francis, 4 — Margaret Williamson, 1 — John Gould, 1 — Paul Reese, 3 — Elmer Kaskel, 3 — Douglass Cummings and his friends, 2 — Marguerite Sturdy, 3 — Olga Courtis, 1 — Emily H. Henry, 3 — Ruth Alice Bliss, 3 — T. B., 1 — G. L. Barney, 1 — Miss Mygrant, 6.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in jolly, but not in gay;  
My second 's in slumber, but not in sleep;  
My third is in sunlight, but not in day;  
My fourth is in crying, but not in weep;  
My fifth is in study, but not in learn;  
My sixth is in darkness, but not in night;  
My seventh 's in cowlslip, but not in fern;  
My eighth is in battle, but not in fight;  
My ninth is in goodness, but not in wrong;  
My tenth is in majesty, not in king;  
My eleventh is in carol, but not in song;  
My twelfth is in Easter, and also in spring.  
Now, if you have guessed these rhymes aright,  
You will surely find the name  
Of an ancient general full of might,  
And widely known to fame.

C. F. BABCOCK (Prize-winner, Nov., 1899).

## ANAGRAM.

TOSS, HO! REST NO PENT MEN.  
(A popular author.)

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals spell the surname of a famous man, and my finals state what he was.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Melted Rock. 2. Two thirds of the name of a Western State. 3. Close at hand. 4.

Past. 5. An insect. 6. A point of the compass. 7. A light. 8. A poisonous plant. 9. A wind instrument. 10. An excrescence.

ELINOR LOTHROP DANIELS.

## CONNECTED SQUARES.

.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To stow away snugly. 2. Shortly. 3. To draw near. 4. A joint.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To bridge. 2. A tree. 3. Repeatedly. 4. A small lizard.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Hibernia. 2. To travel. 3. A notion. 4. Clean.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Drops of water. 2. A church dignitary. 3. A large bird. 4. A cozy home.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A weed. 2. An exclamation. 3. To grate. 4. To desecry.

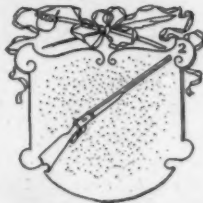
FLORENCE AND EDNA.



## DIAMOND.

1. IN March. 2. A reticule. 3. The subject of a poem. 4. A statesman born in March, who died in March. 5. Deep shade. 6. Amount. 7. In January. JENNIE N. CHILD (League Member).

## ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished man.

## AN "AGED" PUZZLE.

Pray what 's the best age for a girl or a boy? (Courage.)

And what is the one we 'd refuse? (Dotage.)

What age does an Englishman highly enjoy? (Peerage.)

And what would all fond lovers choose? (Marriage.)

There 's an age for the farmer (1) and one for the clerk (2);

One shared by the doctor and thief (3);

An age for the man who directs others' work (4),

And one that expresses belief (5).

What age is it troubles the traveler's mind (6)?

And what is the age of the slave (7)?

The one that the soldier has often to find (8)?

The age that the battle-field gave (9)?

And what is the age that the lame man will please (10)?

One loved by the wild Irish lad (11)?

The age of the emigrant on the high seas (12)?

The age that we all wish we had (13)?

Can you tell me the age of the plants (14)? of the birds (15)?

The age that the heathen adore (16)?

The age that is heavy (17)? the one that impairs (18)?

The one that is not less nor more (19)?

The wild age (20)? the one that the future foretells (21)?

The one where the vessels safe ride (22)?

The snug little age where the minister dwells (23)?

And the common one right by our side (24)?

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

## OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. In oblique. 2. A club. 3. Work. 4. Allured. 5. A riddle. 6. Pertaining to a certain nobleman. 7. A weapon. 8. A fruit. '9. Dressed. 10. An African. 11. A bill of exchange. 12. To tender. 13. Character. 14. A deer. 15. In rectangle.

GEORGE LINWOOD HOSEA.

## THE MAGIC LETTERS.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

X	J	A	G	M
L	U	S	E	O
D	I	A	R	D
V	N	C	I	U
E	B	O	O	B

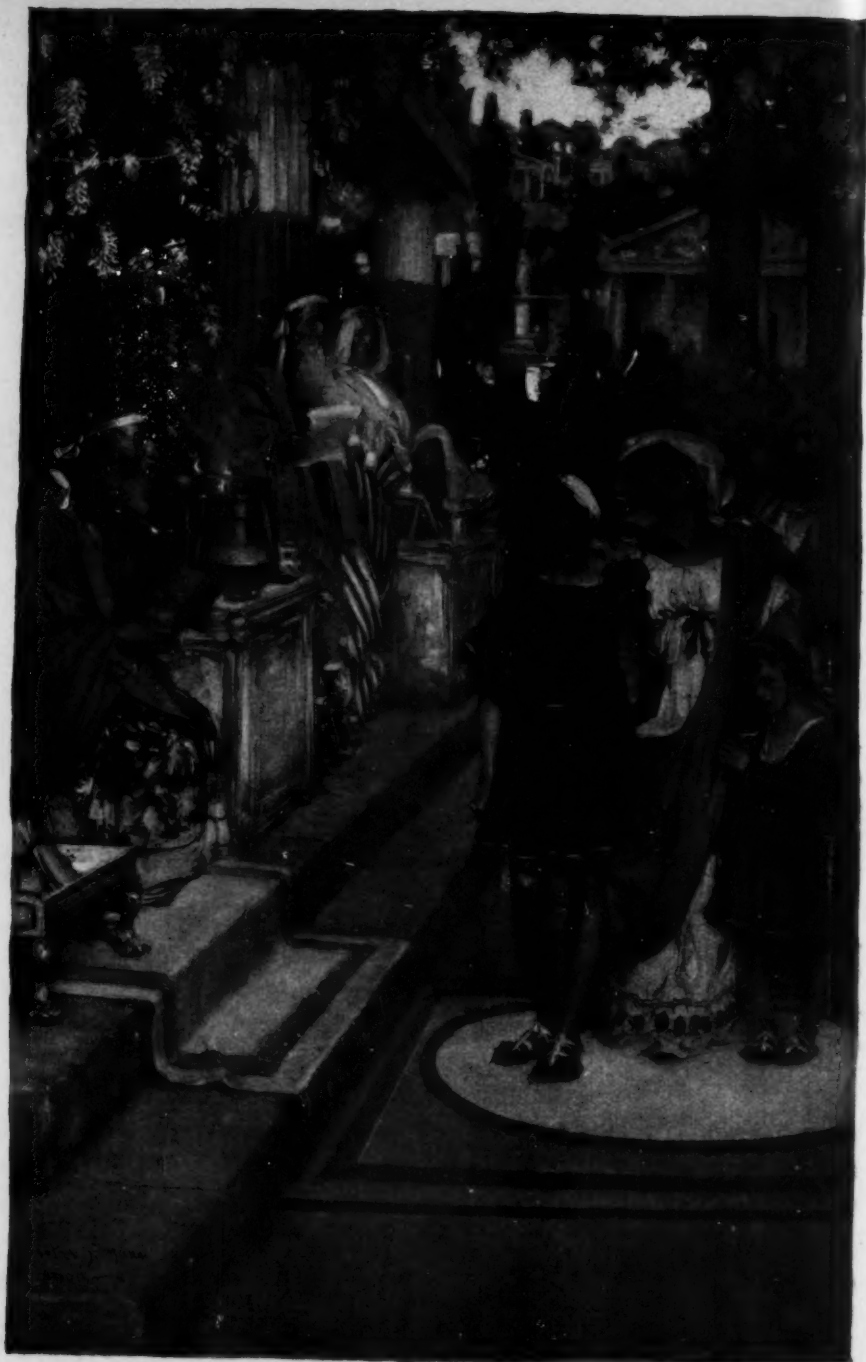
THE above magic letters contain the name, and a brief history, of a great man who died in March. Choosing any letter as a starting-point, and moving one square in any direction, spell out:

1. The man's first name.
2. His middle name.
3. His last name.
4. The year of his birth.
5. The name of the city in which he was born and died.
6. The name of his aunt, and of his daughter.
7. The name of a country where he gained great fame.
8. A famous saying of his.
9. The name of a river which played an important part in his life.
10. The year of his death.
11. The part of the month on which he died.

Each letter may be used more than once, if necessary.

MAURICE P. DUNLAP.

f  
g  
a  
  
d  
  
a.  
at  
  
y.



"SPEAK NOT EVIL OF THE LAW, BOY!" RESPONDED THE RULER, STERNLY."  
(SEE THE STORY, "A BOY OF GALATIA.")

Vo

not  
Be  
lon  
ivo  
eve  
ma  
red  
pas  
pat  
pla  
for  
the  
typ  
a y  
her  
slav  
edg  
tun  
arc  
sile  
col  
Ne  
of  
hith  
of  
the  
you  
unt